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Saturday Review

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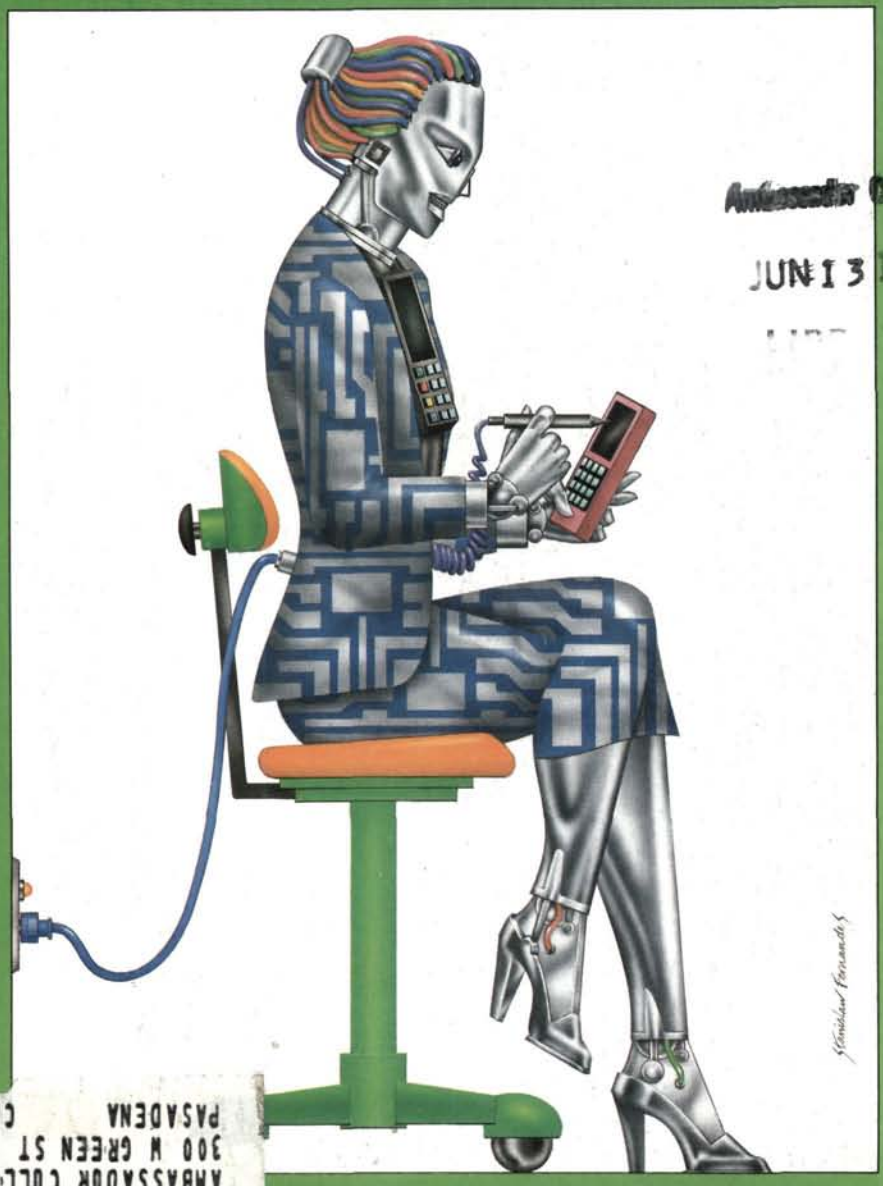

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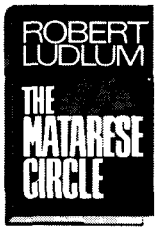

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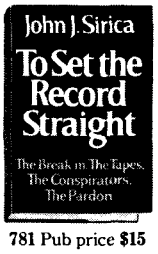

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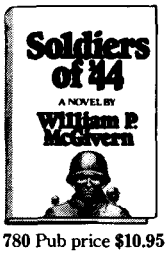

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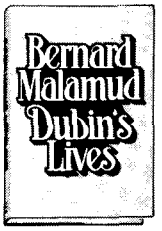

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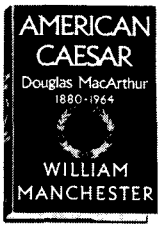

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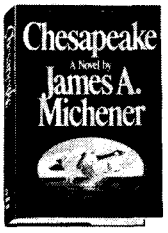

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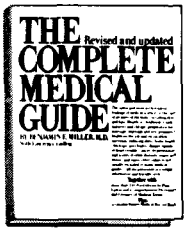

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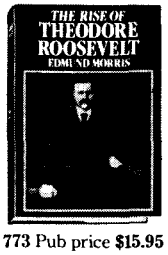

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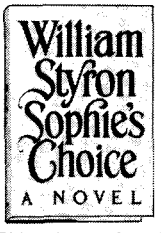

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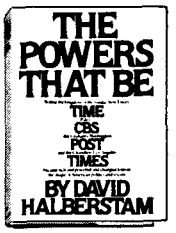

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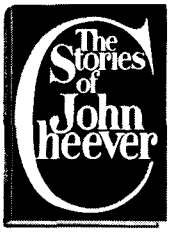

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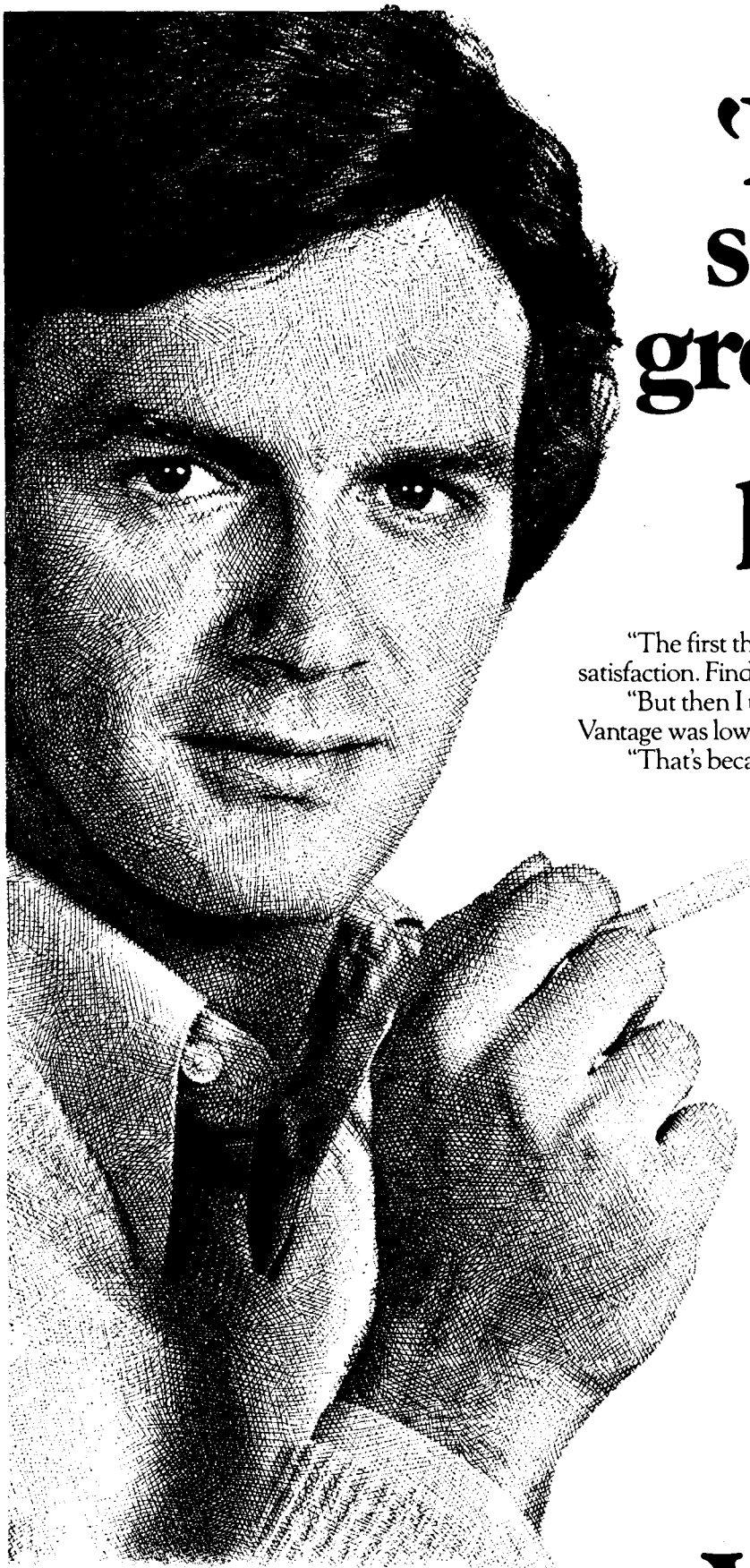

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Peter Accetta
New York City, New York

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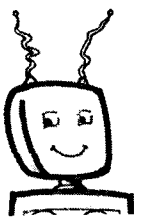

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LETTERS

Children of Courage

We are writing to commend *SR* on "Children and Cancer: New Hope for Survival" [April 14]. My wife and I have experienced firsthand much of what Susan Schiefelbein described so well in her article. Our own daughter was diagnosed with lymphosarcoma and leukemia four years ago.

We belong to a parent-doctor group which has involved itself in several self-help projects over the past three years. It is a nonprofit corporation consisting of parents of children with cancer and leukemia, doctors, and other medical personnel. Our group owns and operates the Ronald McDonald House in Chicago, which provides a home away from home for the families of children with cancer, leukemia, and other serious illnesses when they travel long distances to Chicago to obtain treatment for their children.

We patterned our house after the first Ronald McDonald House which opened in Philadelphia in 1974. The Philadelphia house and our own have served as models for similar houses being established by parent-doctor groups in cities across the U.S. and Canada. All of these houses have been made possible by fund-raising promotions held by the McDonald's restaurants in each city, the support of local National Football League teams, and large and small contributions from thousands of people in the community.

Our parents have found that the best way to help themselves through their child's illness is to help other families who are walking the same road with an even heavier load.

Charles F. Marino
Children's Oncology Services of Illinois Inc.
Chicago, Illinois

I would like to commend Susan Schiefelbein and *Saturday Review* for one of the finest pieces written to date on cancer in children. As noted, the increased life expectancy for many children with cancer has brought about new challenges in helping the child and family to adapt to problems of living with long-term illness.

Jonathan Kellerman
Psychosocial Program
Division of Hematology-Oncology
Children's Hospital of Los Angeles
Los Angeles, California

My child is now being treated for neuroblastoma at Riley Hospital for Children in Indianapolis, an excellent and caring institution. Susan Schiefelbein accurately portrays the world of persons intimately involved in cancer-treatment programs. The article is so moving that I would like to share it with others familiar with our plight.

Name withheld
Indianapolis, Indiana

Few articles have shaken me to the roots as did Susan Schiefelbein's "Children and Cancer."

It is painful to be asked to think "the unthinkable," yet the way Ms. Schiefelbein presented the facts, and, above all, the courage of cancer-afflicted children, resulted in a superb and moving piece of journalism.

Adeodato Piazza Nicolai
Hammond, Indiana

Susan Schiefelbein's article has received rave reviews from our parents. This carefully researched piece clearly portrays life for a child with cancer. We, as parents, are grateful that this article appeared. Thank you for your sensitivity, concern, and interest.

Susan Lawrence
The Candlelighters
Silver Spring, Maryland

A Union Member Salutes His Leader

I would like to compliment *Saturday Review* and Ron Chernow for the enjoyable article "Douglas Fraser: Labor's Courtly Rebel" [April 14].

It is refreshing to read an accurate overview of problems that labor faces and the goals that it hopes to achieve. Doug Fraser, a leader dedicated to the implementation of these progressive and socially beneficial goals, may best be described in his own words in his resignation letter to the Labor Management Advisory Group: " ... I would rather sit with the rural poor, the desperate children of urban blight, the victims of racism, and working people seeking a better life than with those whose religion is the status quo, whose goal is profit and whose hearts are cold ...."

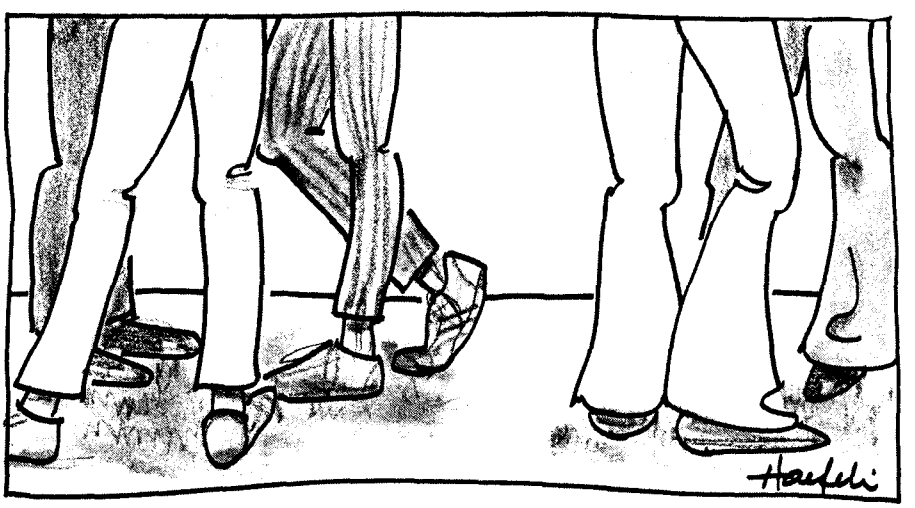
Paul B. Smedegaard
Member-UAW Local 180
Racine, Wisconsin

Expressly Delighted

Having previously been a resident of Thailand (one of the loveliest countries in the world) for nearly four years, I would like to express the pleasure I received in reading Griffin Smith's article, "A Night on the Siamese Express" [March 17].

After reading his article, my physical presence may have been in California, but mentally I was transported back 11 years. I could taste the pomelo and feel the excessively hard seats of the second-class carriages. Thank you for a pleasant moment of time travel.

Alicia MacMichael
Woodside, California



Gary's party was a disaster. The straights refused to mix with the bells.

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A Potential Child Bearer Speaks Up

Many thanks from a CBP-afflicted [child-bearing potential] woman to Albert Rosenfeld for his Scienceletter, "Fertility May Be Hazardous to Your Job" [April 28]. Never before have I seen such a crucial issue treated in such a sane, unbiased, and unsentimental manner.

Lucy Ferriss
San Francisco, California

Welcome Back

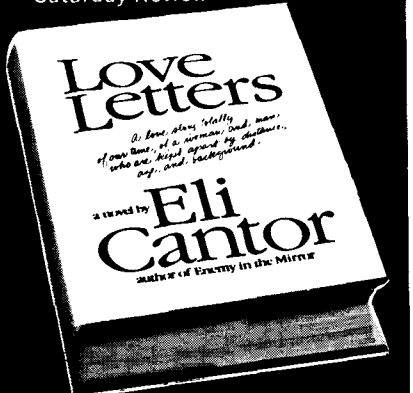
Just a fan letter to tell you that I am delighted to read *Saturday Review* again. I've missed it. It's my own fault and I'm coming back—the April 28 issue convinced me. Keep it up, whatever it takes to do it. The magazine is in great shape and I'm delighted to read it again.

Jack Elliott
Beverly Hills, California

NORMAN COUSINS* says:
"I have seldom been so moved by a book.

It has everything a novel should have... Eli Cantor has written a brilliant novel."

*Chairman, Editorial Board, *Saturday Review*



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PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 133

KID BRANDO ID KYBEDN RQ ICH IRGRAO, KID QYHKDO XD PRAGKDN RAO HURRGH.

—OYBUI XYBNR DLDOHRG

Wit Twister No. 145

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

"Oh, ___ ___ ___ ___ !" she said. "Who cares at sixty-eight
"If ___ ___ ___ ___ , once trim, take on some extra weight?
"To ___ ___ ___ ___ such freight, you need a broad-beamed craft,
"And like a tug, I'm round both fore and aft."

A.S.

Answers next issue

JUNE 9 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 132

It is with trifles, and when he is off guard, that a man reveals his character.
—Schopenhauer

Wit Twister No. 144

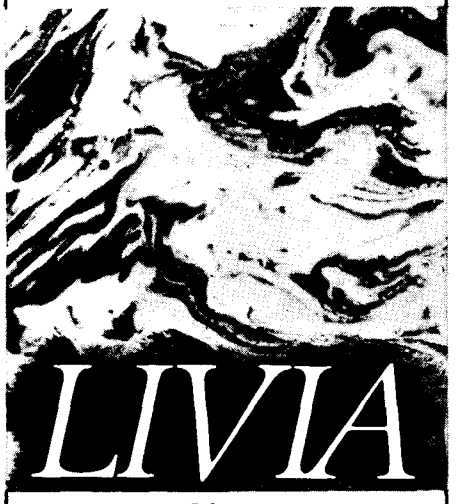
parroted, teardrop, predator, Prorated

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 173

LESTER (S.) KING (M.D.): WHY NOT SAY IT CLEARLY

Persons who want to establish at least a transitory kinship with other groups will try to adopt the dialect of that group. Thus, a college professor may use slang ... to show that he is "one of the boys"; or talk in a sport dialect to indicate that he is not a stuffed shirt, but a "regular guy."

"Durrell remains an irreplaceable master of English and European literature.*



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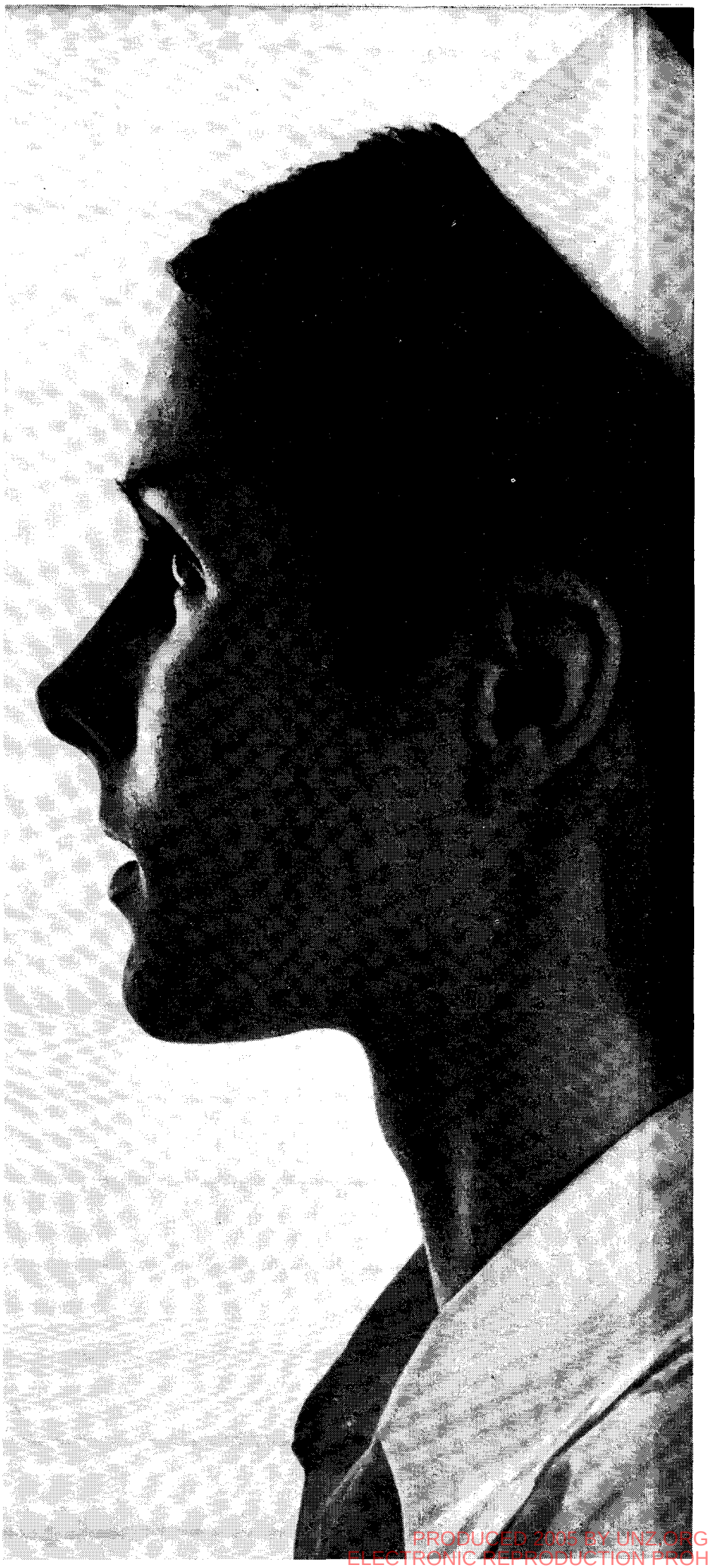

Brainpower.

It'll take experience, know-how, and planning to deal with a serious national problem—the rising cost of health care.

Health Systems Agencies, using volunteer community leaders to help plan health care systems, have already been established in each state to help deal with the problem.

But if these agencies are to be effective, volunteers from the ranks of employers, unions, and other community organizations are needed to contribute their time, expertise, and brainpower. And all citizens should be encouraged to give support to making health planning work.

The rising cost of health care is the legitimate concern of every American. And that includes us.

Private health insurance now covers 177,000,000 Americans, 147,000,000 of them protected against even catastrophic expenses. We've accomplished this through healthy competition. But though the system is basically sound, and doctors and hospitals are making commendable voluntary efforts to control costs, we recognize that no one, including us, has done enough.

That's why we endorse better planning at the local level to bring needed change and greater economy to health care.

We have an interesting booklet called *Planning Your Community's Health Needs*. We'll send you a free copy if you'll write the Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 15, 1850 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

A little caring could do a lot to cut the cost of health care.

THE HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA

Let's Keep Health Care Healthy

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Fighting Words

A generally inert congressional term was enlivened recently when a liberal Democrat accused chemical giant Johns-Manville of decades of "lies and cover-up," and the company chairman responded to the attack by threatening to sue the lawmaker for libel.

The congressman, Representative George Miller of California, lodged his charges at a House hearing on the dangers of asbestos. Miller released documents indicating that the industry had known of the linkage between asbestos manufacturing and lung cancer and other diseases for at least 40 years, but had neglected to mention it to its employees and the public. But Miller was just warming up: What was more, he said, Johns-Manville chairman John A. McKinney "told me privately that after they paid compensation benefits to a disabled worker, they didn't inform others in the plant or even at the same job of the settlement."

McKinney was not amused. Labeling Representative Miller's recollections "deliberate lies" and "selected and distorted misrepresentations," he threatened to sue for "slander and/or libel" if Miller would repeat his words outside the shelter of his congressional immunity. Although Representative Miller has yet to accept McKinney's invitation, one of his aides, who was present at the meeting between the two, insists that the congressman's memory is sound. Internal memoes leaked from the company confirm the practice, as does the testimony of the former manager of the Johns-Manville plant located in Pittsburgh, California.

As is usual with Congress, behind all the billingsgate is something a great deal more palpable than reputations. Congress is presently considering the possibility of compensating past victims of asbestos-related diseases. The question is, Who's going to pay? The "industry" bill now before the House hangs the tab on the federal government. But after an eight-month investigation, Representative Miller is inclined to think that the industry, and not the government is responsible for not having protected its workers. Thus whatever outrage McKinney can muster might help save his company some rather stiff out-of-pocket expenses.

Battered Teeth

DAVID FISHER

Everyone is a member of at least two or three oppressed classes these days; but lest anyone still feel left out in the unrighteous cold, the Association of American Dental Victims has willingly provided an outlet for that unrequited sense of persecution.

The AADV, which was created last year in California and has since spread to five other states, seeks to protect innocent mouths from what it deems to be the dishonesty, incompetence, and indolence of "this private group of privileged individuals." Top on the list of dental vices is "abandonment"—dismissing a patient before adequate care has been administered. An AADV brochure theorizes that abandonment may result if dentists decide to "take the easy way out when they have taken on a job that is too difficult for their skills."

Like any other pressure group worth its stationery, the AADV believes that the government is run by people who have the specific object of frustrating that association's goals. "Dentists are running the show in the government departments dealing with dentistry," charges AADV founder Faye Willard. Inquiries at HEW, however, produced the reassuring information that only 58 of the 331 bureaucrats involved in regulating the dental industry have dental degrees.

Victims of the drill may write to the AADV at 3320 East 7th Street, Long Beach, California 90804. Include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Nuclear Counterforce

The nuclear industry may or may not be on the ropes; but it's doing some pretty heavy counter-punching in any case. Soon after the accident at Three Mile Island, an electric utility consulting group, Reddy Communications, Inc., trotted out nuclear advocate Dr. Ralph Lapp and his hot-off-the-presses contribution to the cause, *The Radiation Controversy*.

Dr. Lapp, whose nuclear consulting business, Quadri-Science, Inc., could take quite a nosedive were the industry curtailed, argues that natural radiation from the earth, medical testing, and, until recently, the atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons, present far greater health hazards than the operation of nuclear power plants.

But the real villain of Lapp's book is the media: "Now there is a radiation paranoia," Lapp writes, "an irrational overinterest in radiation which is apparent in the news media." The public is grossly misinformed about nuclear energy, he explains, because television producers, in choosing their scientific experts, "shoulder aside their doubts and allot camera time to the sensationalist." This last sentence may ultimately provide some embarrassment to Lapp: TV viewers may remember him as the cheerful expert who appeared with Walter Cronkite two days after the Three Mile Island accident—and assured America that all was well with the reactor.

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Hey Fever

THERE WAS A time when people had thoughts and formulated plans without having to say "Hey!" to themselves. That was in the past. Today, judging from what we hear, hardly anyone can express a thought, even in the silence of his own mental processes, without saying, or at least thinking, "Hey!" George Carlin, one of the funniest and most "with it" of modern comics, recently described himself approximately thus: "I'm a guy who's known all along that it's O.K. to say, 'Hey! It's O.K.'"

As a social worker, my wife probably hears "Hey!" more than most of us. Jeannie gets it not only from her clients but also from most of her colleagues. It has become even more irritating to her than "like-I-mean-ya-know."

Typically, this is how the *hey* phenomenon runs: "I was heavy into computer programming for about five years, and then one day I said, "Hey! why not produce a movie?"

Recently, in a discussion on Phil Donahue's television show, the topic was what has been labeled "male menopause." One of the men on the show, in relating his experience, said, "I don't want to blame society. I want to say that hey, I made a decision for myself...."

This struck me as so aberrant an interjection that I wrote it down. I doubt that five years ago anyone would have placed *hey* after *that* in such a context.

I have a feeling that the *hey* epidemic is much more widespread in the narration of events than in the events themselves. It has become a story-telling convention. Back in 1975, Stanley probably said to his wife, Stella, "What would you say if I got rid of my seat on the Stock Exchange, we sold the condo on Sutton Place, moved to Mexico, and wrote about our experiences in a hilarious best-seller?" Mission accomplished, Stanley and Stella would appear on the *Tonight* show now, and inevitably Stanley would say, "I suddenly thought, 'Hey! what am I doing on Wall Street?'" And Stella would say, "That's right, Stan said, 'Hey, let's sell the condo ...'" and so on.

This ubiquitous *Hey!* seems to me to indicate a mind's sudden return to the real world after having been lost in navel-contemplation or laid-back going-with-the-drift. Notice that Stanley didn't really say, "Hey!" at all in the original decision-making scene. He was able to deal with his thoughts, with himself, and with Stella quite *hey*lessly. This suggests that he might want to present himself in retrospect as a laid-back guy who has to get his mind into gear with a *"Hey!"*

There was an odd use of *hey* in a story that appeared recently in *The Los Angeles Times*. A group calling itself the Voice of Patriotism has been holding "Rallies for Nixon," the aim being to bring Richard Nixon back into political life, where they think he belongs. A man named Wally George started the group. According to the *Times*, "George is becoming almost evangelistic. 'We're starting something,' he says. 'We are going to say, "Hey, we've had it! You have abused this man too often."'"

Apart from Wally George's cause, what I find most peculiar is that he says he's *going* to say, "Hey, we've had it!" I think that a few years ago he'd have said simply, "We're going to say, 'We've had it!'"

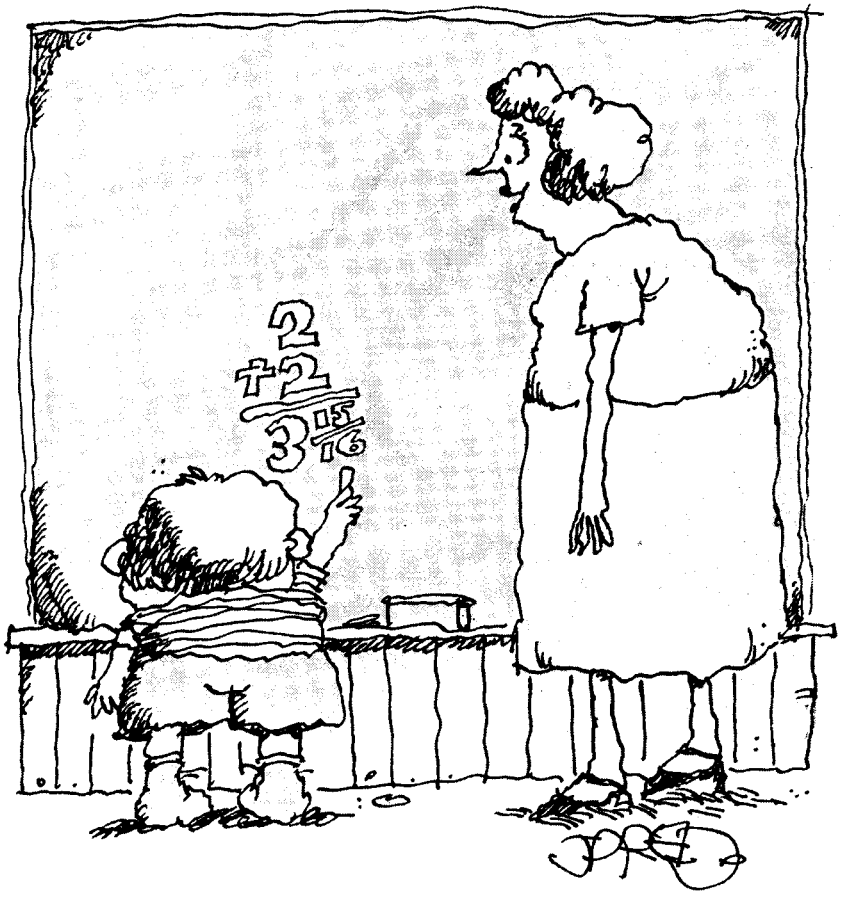
When the time comes actually to say, "We've had it!"—when he is pushed to the extreme by our barbaric treatment of the former President—he might well preface the "We've had it!" with "Hey!" But I think the *hey* isn't something one would normally predict.

Linguistic fads sometimes insinuate themselves into the speech of even those who most deplore them, and I think the *hey* phenomenon is more contagious than most. It is a fad, though, and fads are, by definition, fleeting. They pass out of fashion.

Judging from what we've read, we can assume that there was a time when much of the English-speaking world was afflicted with a rash of "Hey nonny nonny" and "Hey nonny no." *That* would have driven us 'round the bend and up the wall.

For the present, I suppose we might as well try to be laid back, go with the flow, and mumble, "Hey, it's O.K."

—Thomas H. Middleton



"That's very close, Scott."

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Prime Time for Hitler

THE TELEVISION series *Holocaust* is old news to you, but we have only recently seen it here in Europe. People have been duly horrified, though also a little bored with the lack of dramatic conflict. It would have been useful to hear more of the whole incredible racist philosophy that animated the Nazis. There were medical students in those days who honestly believed that they could *see* a difference in the configurations of Caucasian and Semitic bloodsmears. There were students of literature who thought they could hear a distinctively Jewish rhythm, like a hora, in the love lyrics of Heinrich Heine.

The cruelty was only half the story; the other half was a stupidity that could not even be beaten by the Jew-killing nations of the Old Testament. We have never seen enough of this ghastly Teutonic stupidity in the popular art dealing with Nazism. No wonder the Jews of *Holocaust* (and, of course, history) didn't fight back: You can never get the better of stupidity.

The Germans have had very mixed feelings about the showing of the series. A lot of them apparently still don't believe the story: It couldn't happen here, they cry. Those who do believe it say: For God's sake, let's drop it. We've enough on our plates—prosperity and inflation, for instance, and our destiny to be collective Fuehrer of the European Community—without the past being dug up again.

The magazine *Stern* had a cartoon showing former guards of concentration camps watching a scene from Buchenwald and grumbling: "Doesn't anybody think of what *we* went through? It was damned cold on those watchtowers." Are the Germans slower to learn than the rest of us? A few years ago in West Berlin I was ordering some of that fine white asparagus, specialty of the German spring, when a waiter said to me: "An example of good coming out of evil, *mein Herr.* Those sites of the old extermination camps grow the best asparagus in the world. All that bonemeal." I ordered carrots instead.

Let us consider for a moment why *Holocaust* was made at all. It is having the effect of educating the young and reviving memory in the old, but sponsors don't sink millions into purely educational projects. If there'd been no window-smashing, beating, raping, stripping, shooting, hanging, and gas-chambers, if the final solution had been effected by quietly shipping all the Jews of Europe to freeze to death in German Antarctica, nobody would have wanted to back a film of the story. You get the best of both worlds in films whose horrors are so horrific as to seem gratuitous but are, in fact, sedulously historical and present a pious warning not to let it happen again.

Another thing. Can anyone deny that the appeal of films about the Nazis is partly sartorial? There is something about a well-fitting SS uniform that lifts the heart. Every Gentile male has had, some time or other, a little daydream about at least trying one on. The kinkier houses of pleasure possess whole wardrobes full of them. The unkinky daydreamer usually balances his peak-capped swastika'd image with another one—that of real SS walking down the street of his hometown and himself firing on them from an upper window.

The daydreams of Nazi invasion sometimes find expression in a whole book, like Len Deighton's latest fantasy, *SS-GB*. Britain has signed an armistice in 1941, the King is in the Tower of London, Whitechapel is full of yellow Stars of David. The Gestapo is at Scotland Yard (telephone number Whitehall 1212) and fried turnip slices are sold in the streets. It will be a long time before we are finished with the Nazis: They have provided the best fantasy material of the century.

Apart from a renewal of shame and horror, what can the TV series about the tribulations of the Jews, or blacks, effect? Usually a curiously abstracted anger that looks, bewildered, for a viable target. It's no good hating tyrants who don't exist any more, and it would be unfair to direct one's enmity at either liberal Germans or (in the case of blacks) breast-beating Americans.

Seeing *Holocaust* made me dream up a TV series about the suffering of the English Catholics under the Reformation, which could be balanced immediately by one about the suffering of English Protestants under Bloody Mary.

What I was after, of course, was a kind of perpetual televisual source of adrenalin. One sees *Faith of Our Fathers* (a title which will do for either sect) and goes out prepared to deal with insolent policemen or cheating shopkeepers or belligerent teenagers. It's the courage derived from anger that counts, and not the cause of the anger.

It seems to me that we're all hypocritical about the great wrongs of history. We wouldn't have them undone for the world. They happened in the past, so we're no longer responsible for them, but we can call them up at will on the small screen. What a thrill, what a medicine, what a source of fake indignation. Henry James said one needed a great deal of history to produce a very little literature. Similarly, one needed the massive slaughter of a whole race to produce a mini-series called *Holocaust*. Thank God Henry VIII slaughtered my Catholic ancestors. Now I can start writing *Faith of Our Fathers*.

—Anthony Burgess

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Deception Versus Protection

IN THE AMERICAN memory, what Watergate and Vietnam have in common is deliberate deceit, carried out by public officials who either feared opposition to their policies or tried to conceal their mistakes.

Such behavior now goes by the term "cover-up." It is an error to suppose, however, that cover-ups, which gained such notoriety under Richard M. Nixon, are confined to that administration. The practice both precedes and follows Richard Nixon. It has been especially manifest in nuclear policy—with respect to both weapons and energy installations.

We now learn, for example, that in the 1950s, the Atomic Energy Commission lied to the American people about harmful radioactive fallout from nuclear tests. Congressional hearings reveal that AEC officials knew that the nuclear explosions in Nevada were exposing human beings in populous areas to serious health hazards. Yet AEC officials who were aware of the problem not only publicly denied the existence of any danger but persisted with the tests. One member of the commission told his colleagues that "we must not let anything interfere with this series of tests—nothing."

It was further disclosed at the hearings, chaired by Senator Edward Kennedy, that the radioactivity from the Nevada nuclear tests reached levels up to 500 times greater than the levels produced by the recent accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear-power station in Pennsylvania. Evidence produced at the hearings showed that a substantial number of human beings developed leukemia or other forms of malignancy from the tests.

One of the witnesses at the hearings lives in St. George, a small town in southwestern Utah that was in the path of radioactive fallout from the Nevada nuclear airbursts one hundred miles away. She asserted that AEC officials never warned the people in St. George about the dangers of the heavy fallout. She charged that her husband's fatal leukemia was a direct result of the tests. Another St. George witness testified that his wife and nine other members of his extended family died of leukemia or related forms of cancer attributable to the fallout.

Governor Scott Mattheson of Utah described the cover-up by federal officials as "an incredibly irresponsible course of conduct." He said that the federal government had known all along that the people in Nevada, Arizona, and Utah were receiving high doses of radiation but made a calculated decision to lie about the tests and to continue them.

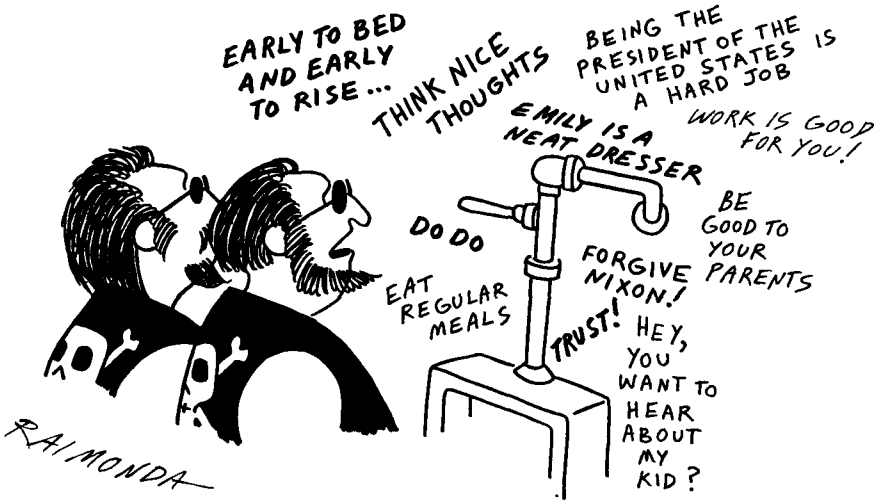
One of my most vivid memories of the widespread public debate in the late 1950s about the dangers of nuclear testing is of the pronouncements of Edward Teller, who lent the prestige of his name to the military viewpoint favoring nuclear tests. Dr. Teller had been prominently connected with the early scientific development of nuclear explosives. He ridiculed references to fallout hazards by declaring that the dangers were no greater than those caused by a wristwatch with a radium dial.

It is difficult to decide which is more blatantly irresponsible—the statements in the 1950s about the safety of nuclear test explosions, or the recent statements about the safety of nuclear-energy plants. Almost as a throwback to the sweeping and casual assurances of the 1950s, government officials have been straining hyperbole in minimizing health threats from nuclear-energy installations. It has even been said that a serious accident in a nuclear plant is no more likely than a meteor's crashing down on a major American city. Even without respect to a serious accident, however, we now learn from the National Academy of Sciences that the radioactivity presently being released in the production of nuclear energy will produce about 2,000 cancer deaths in the next 20 years.

How is lying by government officials to be prevented? Obviously, some lies are more serious than others. A distinction has to be made between lying that has little practical significance and lying that can lead to specific harm. A petty thief is not quite the same as a hardened criminal; the law makes its calibrations. The astounding fact is that no such distinctions are made in regard to government lying. If an elected or appointed official steals from the public coffers, he can be brought up on criminal charges. But no legal penalties are enforced against those whose lying or deceit can result in serious harm, as in the St. George episode, where deliberate concealment led to loss of life.

Sissela Bok's book *Lying* is an excellent examination of the moral, philosophical, and historical issues raised by deception in government. It is difficult to ponder these issues without coming to the conclusion that a major gap now exists in the nation's laws, which, unless closed, could disfigure the relationship between the American people and their government. There has been a steady progression in the arrogance of officials, as Senator Fulbright warned several years ago. This arrogance has grown in direct proportion to the instruments of power at their command, especially in the fields of nuclear energy and nuclear weaponry.

One thing is certain: The American people were not born to be lied to by their government. The time has come to put into statutory law their right to be protected against deception in matters affecting their safety.—**N.C.**


EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE...
THINK NICE THOUGHTS
BEING THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IS A HARD JOB
EMILY IS A NEAT DRESSER
WORK IS GOOD FOR YOU!
DO DO
EAT REGULAR MEALS
BE GOOD TO YOUR PARENTS
FORGIVE NIXON!
TRUST!
HEY, YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT MY KID?
RAIMONDA

"Hey man! What kind of place is this?"

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The Politics of the Draft

THE PHONES no longer ring at the Selective Service System the way they used to. It has been over six years since the last man was drafted into the Army and more than three years since the registration requirement for 18-year-olds was dropped. Stripped of its functions, manpower, and most of its budget, Selective Service has been relegated to that bureaucratic limbo known locally as "deep standby status."

However, moves are afoot on Capitol Hill to revive the slumbering giant. Legislation has been proposed to attach the electrodes; Congress must now decide whether to jolt the creature back to life.

Who favors resuscitating the draft? Unlike many political issues which break along recognizable lines—liberal versus conservative, Snowbelt versus Sunbelt—conscription has turned hawks into doves and vice versa. Ardent pro-military conservatives, such as Senators John Stennis of Mississippi and Sam Nunn of Georgia, who hope to revive Selective Service, are anticipating the support of liberals Jacob Javits of New York and Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts.

At the other end of the Capitol, "peace Democrats" opposed to the draft were joined at an April press conference by Representative Ron Paul, a Texas Republican who is one of the Pentagon's most devoted acolytes. "The draft and the even worse idea of national service are wrong constitutionally, militarily, economically, and morally," he said. Other conservatives feel the same.

What is ostensibly at issue now is the question of Selective Service registration of 18-year-olds. Nunn frankly admits, however, that the legislation he has proposed "is a first step toward the draft."

Why, with the United States at peace, has the draft become an issue? Stennis, who is chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, asserts: "The all-volunteer concept has failed. I believe the time has come to end the experiment."

Secretary of the Army Clifford Alexander believes the volunteer force is "doing well"; he can fire a battery of statistics to show that today's volunteers are smarter and more physically fit than the draftees of a decade ago. "The people who report to me—that is, the four-star commanders—indicate unanimously that these are the finest young people they see," he said.

Although voluntary recruitment has kept the active forces up to strength, the reserves have a problem. General Bernard W. Rogers, the Army Chief of Staff, has recommended a "limited draft" to fill the reserves. Although Alexander agrees there is "a serious problem," he disagrees with the general's recommendation. He prefers economic and educational incentives to recruit reservists and contends that "we are seeing some [of these] solutions work."

The split between Alexander and Rogers seems to be part of the larger fissure separating the Pentagon's civilian leadership from the uniformed chiefs. At a hearing of the House Armed Services Committee, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown put himself on record against Selective Service registration. Sitting beside him was General David C. Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Speaking for himself and his colleagues, he took a position opposite Brown's. "We strongly endorse registration and some degree of screening," he said, "not only because of the need to be able to call people up in a crisis more quickly but also ... to call the attention of the American people to the serious problems we have in recruiting and retaining people, particularly for our reserve components."

Army Secretary Clifford Alexander calls the draft 'a tax on the poor.'

Military recruitment is an important part of the draft issue, but it is not the only part. National service, an idea broached by William James in 1910, has been resurrected by Representative Paul N. McCloskey, a liberal Republican from California.

When McCloskey talks about his plan for national service, one hears Jamesian echoes. "Onerous service to the nation is not something that the United States should ask only of its poorest and least-educated citizens," said McCloskey. "Why not also recognize a sense of duty for national service for everyone?"

To create "a sense of obligation to serve the nation and mankind," he would have all 18-year-olds register for national service. Those who did not "volunteer" for civilian or military duties would have to take their chances with a military draft lottery. His plan would be based on the concept of "national service at subsistence pay."

As a matter of practical politics, McCloskey's bill has no chance of passage. Yet, in articulating his position, he has helped to delineate what seems to be the major philosophical difference between advocates and opponents of the draft. McCloskey, like James before him, is a leveler. He believes the fear of conscription should be used to make all segments of society share military duties and other forms of "onerous service to the nation."

Opponents of the draft, on the other hand, tend toward a libertarian perspective. Representative James Weaver, an Oregon Democrat opposed to the draft and national service, points out that "all these schemes ... have one thing in common: they are compulsory. They're involuntary; they're forced on our young people." If you do not want to serve, he said, "you go to jail."

Alexander bluntly labels the draft "a tax on the poor." The subsistence pay of McCloskey's plan is "well below the minimum wage," he said. "Now, upper-class families can afford that, but lower-income families cannot." Under the present system, however, disadvantaged youths can avail themselves of the pay, educational prospects, and career opportunities the military now offers to those who volunteer.

So, when it comes to a vote, the terms liberal and conservative may count for little. Of greater importance will be the politician's personal perspective on the draft: Will he see it through the eyes of a libertarian or a leveler?

There is a final question—one which could complicate the issue considerably. Should women be subject to the draft?

If a male-only bill comes to the floor of the House or Senate, opponents of conscription will almost certainly try to amend it into a unisex draft. Their objective, of course, would be to win the votes of Congressmen who think America's sons should be registered for Selective Service but are appalled by the prospect of their daughters in uniform. Thus, the crucial factor in reviving the draft might be nothing more than the chivalry vote.

—Peter Ognibene

Mr. Ognibene writes from Washington on political issues.

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Knuckle-Cracker Suite

LISTEN, I WAS anywhere from six to eight months ahead of the thing on goldfish-swallowing. What I mean is, I was ahead of the thing by anywhere from six to eight months when I said that goldfish-swallowing was getting ready to be the Next Thing. Same goes for hula-hooping. Beat the tide on that one by something like a year, give or take a month without an R in it.

That's ditto for sideburns, skateboarding, beansprout-eating, jogging, streaking, therapeutic screaming, running like an idiot, and your other ridick things.

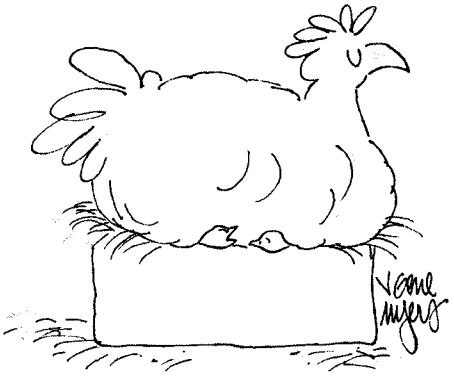
You name the mass lunacy, and I'll show you where I saw there was enough dumbness around to make it happen. It's like I got this vocation in me, a real gift. But is anybody paying attention? I get out there with my prediction, a voice on me that could wake a trivet up, but does anyone listen?

So who cares if they listen? Which is why I'm fixing to make another public declaration in connection with which particular screwiness is coming up next in your large-scale, national moron department—right on the heels of running like an idiot—and what I certainly believe I've got a right to expect for my trouble is a little something in the way of official recognition, please God, a small but comfy place in history.

Here goes.

It's knuckle-cracking.

It'll start off that way, just sort of pure knuckle-cracking, a squad of your truly visionary knuckle-crackers really getting into their thing out there in Petaluma, California.



"Well, no wonder our shell broke. Someone's sitting on us."

Then it gets endorsed, your crucial *ad verecundiam* number, like with word getting around that Tom Pynchon's cracking his knuckles and looking pretty good with it, nice and dreamy sort of. First thing you know there's an item somewhere about Elizabeth Ashley doing it *with* him, the two of them cracking theirs *together* and really *getting* there with it. Next thing Kesey cracks his, and the wonderful thunder carries all the way to Elaine's.

Now here's where we're really under way. Heavy industry's already listening, not to mention textile manufacturers throughout the free world.

There's a thing going, and if it proves to be really stupid enough, it's going to get to be everybody's thing!

Didn't someone see Plimpton crack his knuckles at Casey's? And when that Ratazzi person excused herself from the table at Quo Vadis (but it's *in* again, precious) and cut behind the philodendron for a couple of minutes, weren't those sort of *snaps* everybody heard? Kind of politely muffled, sure, but they were snaps, all right—your truly transfiguring, health-giving knuckle-cracks, and maybe they were muted but, by Jupiter, every single one of them was good and self-actuated!

From here on in it's going the distance, all 12 traditional furlongs:

1) Family knuckle-cracking.

2) Extended family knuckle-cracking.

3) Encounter knuckle-cracking.

4) Nude knuckle-cracking.

5) Deep knuckle-cracking. (You don't actually crack them, but you get your hands out there and stand still a lot.)

6) A new magazine—*Gay Knuckle-Cracker.*

7) Conceptual knuckle-cracking, which is like deep knuckle-cracking, only you paint your fingernails blue first.

8) Macro-knuckle-cracking, which is when you've actually got fractured fingers when you finish up.

9) Holistic knuckle-cracking, which is when you blissfully drop dead at the end of it.

10) The publishing community gets in gear. *The Rhetoric of Knuckle-Cracking. My Knuckles and Myself. The Compleat Knuckle-Cracker. The Way of the Knuckle.* A large-format thing called *The California Knuckle-Cracker's Book of Accessories.* Lots of coupons in it, and a special diet for hardening cartilage.

11) MacGregor comes out with a line of cunning little knuckle-socks, really cute sort of knitted things with maybe tasteful stripes and school colors and all, and then Pringle does your cashmere knuckle-sock in autumn shades, English horn buttons up the side.

12) Right in here the folks in Petaluma can see where it's all getting pretty lousy with the filthy dilution of commerce and vicious sectarianism. So the call goes out to the apostolic few, and what you've got next is an appeal for a statewide reformation, California holding the line for your basal knuckle-cracking, Jerry Brown and Stew Brand issuing a joint announcement: No more goofy revisionism—either crack your knuckles the old way or get the hell out!

But meanwhile Lockheed and American Machine & Foundry have got too much heavy interest in this thing to stand for *that.*

Certain telephone conversations take place, and there's a general referendum—and Brown's got to recant like mad to beat a recall.

He issues another statement: This is a pluralist society and let's keep it that way!

Stew Brand pulls out at the last minute. But Brown says that's okay, no hard feelings, didn't he just tell you this is a pluralist society?

Nobody can hear him, anyway. They're all grooving to the hot new instructional album, 143 minutes of some Korean guy cracking the knuckles on his toes, Alexander Scourby counting.

Sure, sure, laugh. Believe me, I'm used to being laughed at.

Wait a sec. Now that I hear myself actually saying it, that sounds like the thing after this other thing—after knuckle-cracking, I mean.

Laughing!

Just imagine—*laughing!*

Think of the terrific possibilities, for crying out loud.

Tiny zippered nylon snoods for the teeth! Really colorful ones. And maybe Adidas could work out something in plastic and leather for the gums.

And for God's sake, who doesn't have a mouth?

—Gordon Lish

Mr. Lish is an editor at Alfred A. Knopf in New York.

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by Jon Stewart

"YES, WE ARE REVOLUTIONARIES," acknowledged the fortyish executive, a top salesman for one of America's largest and fastest-growing corporations. "What we are doing will no doubt leave a very lasting impression on America. We are going to turn the world of white-collar work upside down, inside out, and make it do what it's supposed to do—work."

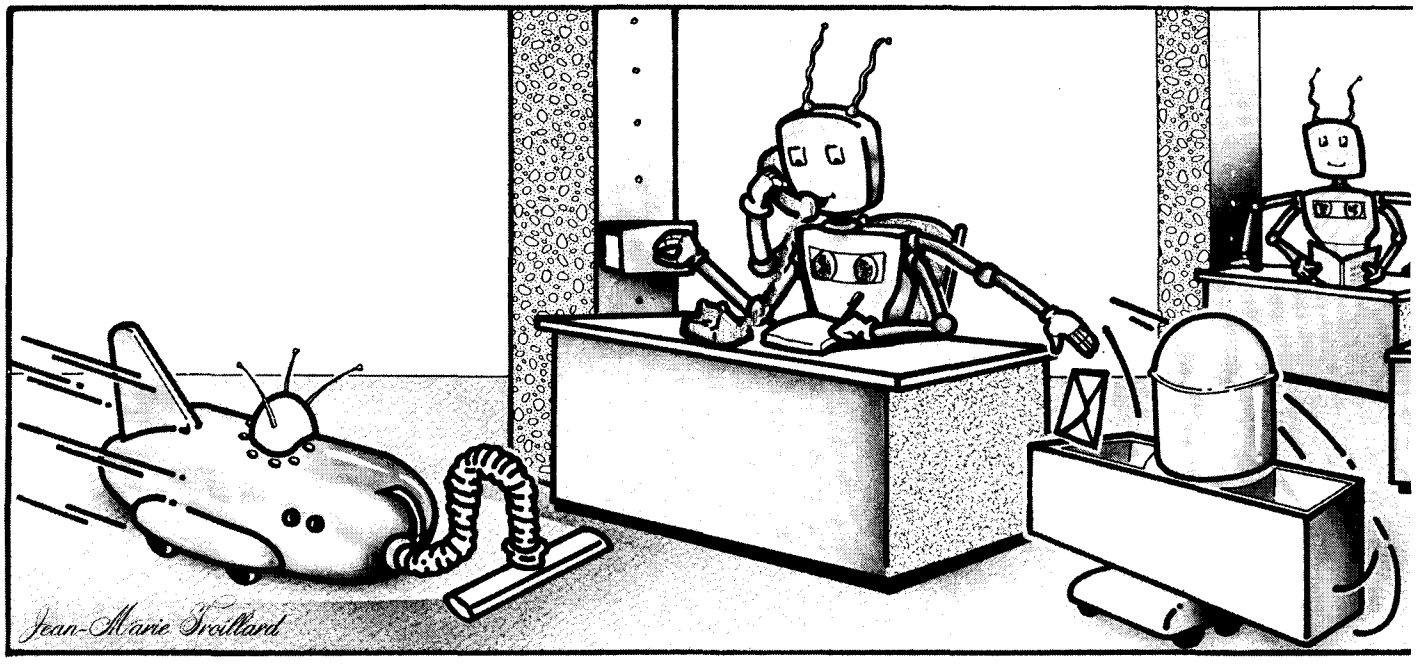
No small boast, that. But this man, who prefers to be an anonymous revolutionary, speaks confidently, for he has seen a vision of the future—and it is electronic. He is an employee of Xerox, the giant photocopying and computer firm, and he has walked among, touched, and played with the incredible gadgetry that fills one of the world's most exclusive, and secret, fantasylands. It is called PARC, for Palo Alto Research Center, an otherwise nondescript building south of San Francisco where Xerox makes the tools of tomorrow's revolution.

While PARC remains strictly off-limits to all but essential employees, a sense of the importance of what happens there, and at similar research divisions of other companies, can be gleaned from the boasts and warnings of industry experts given to pontification on the future. Computer consultant Philip H. Dorn warned in a recent issue of the trade journal *Datamation* that the promised revolution in the American workplace will produce "drastic population bipolarization [which] would probably represent the end of the road for contemporary Western civilization as now understood."

Meanwhile, an equally respected technologist at Stanford Research Institute, Peter Schwartz, proclaims that this revolution will produce "a transformation in consciousness, a kind of expansion of the brain." Others, particularly knowledgeable union leaders in America and abroad, warn that it will cause massive social and economic dislocation, alienation, and despair. But businessmen, for the most part, are shelling out hundreds of millions of dollars to help finance the revolution and the hummingly efficient future it promises.

The revolution, of course, is that wrought by the silicon chip, that virtually invisible, spiderlike network of tiny electronic circuits etched on a flake of silicon (sand) less than half the size of the fingertip. In the form of microprocessors, or miniature computers, it is invading every aspect of American life—the way we play, work, even think.

This computer-on-a-chip, with amazing powers of memory and computation, has immediate applications almost everywhere: from universities to automobile engines, from corporate offices to farms, from hospitals to satellites. Virtually any routine work can be taken over by the devices, which



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have shrunk to less than 1/30,000 the size of their original predecessors, those giant room-size computers of yesterday. And they grow smaller and more versatile almost daily. IBM recently announced that it can now produce a chip containing 256,000 bits of information, four times as many as are crammed onto the most highly integrated chip today.

The power of computers has increased 10,000-fold in 15 years, while the price has decreased 100,000-fold.

THE PROLIFERATION OF THE computer-on-a-chip is astonishing: There were some 1,000 computers in America in the early 1950s, and no microcomputers (or microprocessors, or computers-on-a-chip). By 1976 there were 220,000 computers and three-quarters of a million micros. By 1980 Americans are expected to be operating 10 million microprocessors.

Combined with the equally impressive quantum leaps being made in satellite and telecommunications technology, this electronic revolution is already beginning to make good on its highly publicized promises of a better, more efficient future. Electronic mail is actually working in Britain and is poised to take off in the U.S. Personal computers and cheap calculators are making life easier not only for small businessmen, but for fifth-grade math students as well. But neither the mailman nor the student is the target of the pinstriped revolutionary. The target is the office, that last great bastion of post-industrial, labor-intensive employment.

The Xerox salesman points out that "The American factory worker today is capitalized (or mechanized) to the tune of about $25,000 per worker, and he is the most productive worker in the world. The average secretary or clerk works with $500 to $1,000 worth of old typewriters and adding machines, and is probably among the least productive workers in the world. That's why we're after the secretary and other assorted support workers. The name of the game we're playing is productivity."

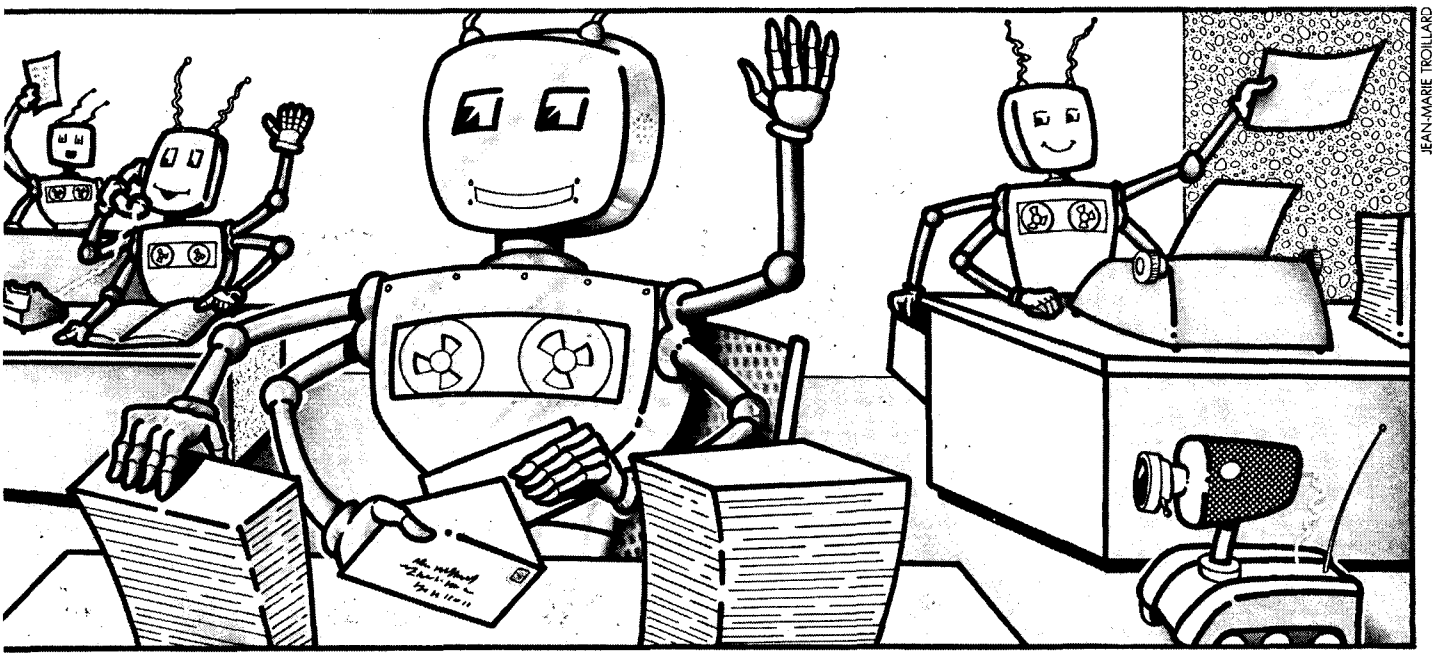
Although the much-heralded office-of-the-future remains invisible—unless one can peer through the brick walls of PARC and other facilities where it is being tested and perfected—recent economic and social conditions have made its appearance more and more inevitable. Consider these assorted portents:

- The U.S. Labor Department states that roughly half the total American labor force now wears a white collar and is engaged in some aspect of the booming "information industry." This "industry," which produces and distributes ideas and information, and includes lawyers, businessmen, accountants, and others, is growing at the rate of 2 percent a year and already accounts for about 50 percent of the nation's gross national product.
- Analysts of the office equipment industry claim that 22 percent of the total labor force—or half the information industry—works in an office.
- Meanwhile, the salaries drawn by employees working in the office account for up to 50 percent of the total overhead costs of all U.S. corporations. Among government and service industries, such as banks, insurance firms, communications companies, and human-service sectors, office salaries account for 70 to 85 percent of total costs, according to a recent independent study. The Bureau of Labor Statistics says office-support workers—typists, clerks, accountants, etc.—earn around $300 billion a year, a figure that is rising at the rate of 6 to 8 percent a year.
- While office costs have doubled over the past decade, office productivity has largely stagnated. Most experts agree that office productivity has increased by only 4 percent in 10 years—compared to a 90 percent increase in industrial productivity over the same period, spurred by automation.
- Finally—and here is the key to this quiet revolution—while office employment and overhead costs have soared, the price of office equipment has plummeted at an annual clip of 10 percent, bringing increasingly sophisticated computers into the reach of the smallest businesses. It has been estimated that the performance of computers has increased 10,000-fold in 15 years, while the price of "each unit of performance" has declined 100,000-fold since 1960.

Digest those figures and you will not find it astonishing when sober and intelligent people compare the impact of the microprocessor to that of James Watt's steam engine that ushered in the industrial revolution more than 200 years ago.

Equally plausible is the claim by specialist James Carlisle that microelectronic automation is "likely to bring about an organizational revolution among white-collar workers comparable in magnitude to that resulting from the introduction of the assembly line to blue-collar work."

At present most of this reorganization is aimed at the office-support worker, whose various tasks of typing, editing,



JEAN-MARIE TROILLARD

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accounting, filing, mailing, billing, etc., will be gradually taken over by microprocessors that can handle both words and numbers better, faster, and cheaper. A recent IBM study concludes that major corporations pay $6.41 to create, type, revise, and mail a one-page letter. The proper equipment can eliminate both the cost of the secretary and the postage stamp without adding appreciably to the executive's dictation time.

Creative Strategies International, a consulting firm based in San Jose, California (in the area known as "Silicon Gulch," for it is the home of the silicon industry), has figured that the average secretary is either away from the desk, waiting for work, or absent 46 percent of the time. Only some 19 percent of the time is spent taking dictation, typing, or proofreading, and the remainder is spent answering phone calls, handling mail, or doing clerical work. Virtually all of these tasks can be performed by today's computers, which are never hanging about the water cooler, absent or at union meetings.

Does this mean the end of the secretary (and similar workers)? Hardly, at least for now, says Creative Strategies' Larry Wells. "The executives like having a secretary available for the various tasks they do," he says. And a computer salesman, who regularly deals with corporate executives, confirms that view: "When a guy spends 15 or 20 years working his way up the ladder so he can have his own secretary, there's no way he's going to give her up for a machine."

Such chauvinism, and other failures to adapt to the equipment, will no doubt retard the full impact of the electronic office for a while, perhaps for a whole generation of executives. The U.S. General Accounting Office recently issued a report indicating it may take more than a silicon chip to shake up a bureaucracy. The government, it said, had spent some $80 million on office automation equipment in 1977, a figure that will rise to $300 million by fiscal 1982. Yet so far, said the GAO, "Most agencies can't demonstrate that their word-processing systems have increased productivity." The primary reason for the failure was that they hadn't learned how to use the superefficient devices efficiently.

Yet the changes will come, even in the federal bureaucracy.

By the end of the century the executive should be able to automate himself right out of the office.

"The long-term career secretary is probably going to virtually disappear," says Larry Wells. What can't be automated, he says, will be taken over by the executive or handled by part-timers, a segment of the work-force which is growing at an alarming rate.

Looking to the not-so-distant future, Wells predicts that automatic speech recognition will enable people to talk to computers within 10 to 15 years. Integrated office systems, combining data and word processing, will be common even sooner; by the turn of the century the executive should be able to automate himself right out of the office with a sophisticated communications and computing system in his home. With instant access to any individual or data bank anywhere in the world, by merely instructing a home computer in spoken English, why should anyone bother to congregate in a skyscraper miles from home every day?

Such future gazing is what computer builders and salespeople like to do best, and sometimes the silicon crystal balls get pretty bizarre. In a survey of future trends made by the trade journal *Data Management*, GAO associate director Walter Anderson baldly stated that by the year 2038 "computers will be alive," assuming a definition of life "based on action rather than construction." These sentient computers, he contends, will be equipped with IQs equivalent to those required by construction workers and bank tellers and will respond to ad-lib oral commands and requests.

Frank Piedad of Automatic Banking Systems predicted that researchers will be experimenting with "limited teleporting" of packages in which parcels are rendered into molecules for electronic mailing and reassembled by computers at the receiving end—much as letters are today transformed into digital signals for transmission.

NO ONE IN AMERICA really knows what the employment impact of the microprocessor will be, for no one has made a systematic study of the situation. It is clear from the nature and purpose of the equipment that some people, mostly those with few office skills, will be put out of jobs; but it is equally evident that the microprocessor boosts in productivity should create new, perhaps better, jobs. The key question is, How many losses and how many gains?

The evidence is not very heartening within the microprocessor industry itself, for electronics is by nature a capital-intensive industry. Although a recent study by consulting group Arthur D. Little predicts that a million jobs will be created over the next decade in electronics-based industries, large-scale employment (the tedious work of "bonding" chips, for example) has invariably gone to Asian sweatshops employing tens of thousands of young women paid as little as 22 cents an hour. Some of the major chip manufacturers, such as Fairchild Industries, employ as much as 60 percent of their workforce outside the United States.

In a recent article in *New Scientist*, Philip Sadler, principal of a British management college, concluded that "European industries face a stark choice—adopt new technology and lose some jobs or fail to remain competitive and lose most or all of the jobs."

In fact, what studies have been done on the job question are British and European, thanks to strong trade-union movements that represent not only industrial workers, but office workers as well. European anxieties are consequently far more intense. A French government report, written by Simon Nora and presented in January 1978, was so alarming that the government held up its publication until May, when the elections were safely over.

The Nora report warned that the French banking and insurance industries, which are particularly labor intensive, will lose some 30 percent of their jobs within the next 10 years, as data-processing equipment and automatic tellers take over routine computing and service tasks. France had some 1,500 automatic tellers installed in banks as of 1977.

Another study, released last year by the West German firm Siemens, estimated that by 1990 some 40 percent of present office work can be automated. West German trade unions say this could eliminate as many as 2 million of the country's 5 million secretaries. Other government-supported studies are currently being prepared in at least 10 other countries. The United States government is notable for its lack of initiative in calculating the job impact of the new technology, though the federal Office of Technology Assessment is planning an in-depth study this year.

But the employment effects of computerization are already pervasive. Microprocessor-based automation of the West German clock industry—and the loss of much of the business to American electric clock manufacturers—has roughly halved the employment in that traditional job sector. The same has occurred, on an even larger scale, in the Swiss-watch industry. Throughout the industrial sector, robotics is giving new meaning to the industrial automation scares of the 1950s. The new robots (about 8,000 are employed worldwide) are not simple mechanical arms, but "intelligent," "thinking" devices that can "see" what they are doing. At General Motors plants, production-line workers will soon be working alongside PUMA robots capable of assembling components as complicated as carburators and alternators. The robots of industry may not do the job better than their human counterparts, but

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they are not subject to health and safety legislation, do not go on strike, and pay for themselves (in terms of worker salaries) in about two years, after which they are free.

While automation of the office has yet to make a heavy impact in either Europe or America, some signs of the future are visible. New York's Citibank, the nation's second largest bank, has undertaken one of the most advanced and ambitious automation plans in the country. It aims to install computer-driven word and data processors and electronic mail equipment in offices all around the world, each linked to all others by a massive and instantaneous telecommunications system. By the end of this year the plan calls for installation of such equipment in 1,000 Citicorp offices, eventually rising to 6,000 offices. *Fortune* magazine notes that "The system has resulted in better customer relations, 50 percent better production, and 40 percent staff reduction...."

Citibank vice president Bruce Hasenyager has estimated that about 10 percent of middle-management personnel could be cut. "The salaries of 700 are saved," he said, "and the remaining 7,300 can use the technological advances to manage more efficiently." Hasenyager also suggested that the day may not be far off when secretarial jobs will require a masters degree in business administration and will be regarded as an entry-level step into management.

Another illustration of the impact of the computer in the office is in the federal government, which has long been criticized as being isolated by huge office bureaucracies. According to a 1977 report to Congress by the comptroller general, the government employed 2 million civilians and two computers in 1950, when it had a $40 billion budget. By fiscal 1977 the budget had risen to $400 billion, but personnel was up only 25 percent to 2.5 million. By then, however, the government employed no less than 10,000 computers.

Many analysts, especially those in the computer industry itself, remain sanguine about the impact of microprocessors. "Employment in the service sector particularly will greatly expand," predicts Larry Wells, the San Jose consultant. "There will be more creative-type positions and fewer dog-work-type tasks, and there will be far more tasks." Others counter with the argument that the new technology will not only displace many workers, but that, unlike the earlier automation scares in the industrial sector, it will leave nowhere for such workers to go. The redundant factory worker used to be able to find a place in the service sector when automated out of the production line. Almost 7 million of the 8.5 million jobs created between 1970 and 1977 were in retail trade and services. But today, it is principally those jobs which are targeted by the microprocessor—banking, insurance, retail trade, clerical/secretarial work. Where is the overflow to go? Certainly not back to the factory, which picked up and moved to South Korea, or Taiwan, or Singapore.

This critical situation prompted Colin Hines, a British researcher with the Earth Resources Research Group, to write, "What has to be faced over the next few years is that vast sections of the industrial and service sector will be automated and millions may lose their jobs."

AMERICAN LABOR-UNION OFFICIALS tend to be vaguely concerned, but mostly in the dark, about both the impact of automation and any remedies for dealing with it. Unions such as the International Typographical Union, which has been hardest hit in recent years by the computerized newsroom and typesetter, have essentially agreed to their own demise through attrition.

Kitty Conlan of the Service Employees International Union, which represents 600,000 workers in various service and recreation industries, says "It seems like you're always trying to deal with things like this after they've happened." She notes that when her union was first formed it represented mainly elevator operators and bowling alley pin-setters. Thanks to automation in those fields, "We have maybe five elevator operators in the union today, and no pin-setters."

Unions have essentially agreed to their own demise. 'No trade union has ever fought off automation,' says one official.

Bill Reidy, research director of the Office and Professional Employees International, acknowledges that automation will "definitely" have an impact on his union. "The employment creation effect is likely to be too small to offset the losses," he says. Besides, only about 100,000 American office workers are organized, giving them little clout even if they did have a strategy. Reidy blames the U.S. Department of Labor for "being asleep" as far as automation job impact is concerned.

Walt Davis of the 750,000 strong Retail Clerks Internationa Union also suffers from little clout and no strategy. "Our position is that no trade union has ever effectively fought off automation," he says. "The best we can do is write clauses into our contracts that no one shall lose jobs because of automation. Then let the attrition take care of it." Sooner or later, of course, the attrition also buries the union.

The most startling and dangerous effect of the proliferation of cheap computers may be its rupturing of our social, and not merely our economic, lives.

Peter Schwartz, the Stanford Research Institute futurist, believes that this revolution contains the seeds of social disaster, as well as the possibility of greater democracy and a better world. "We are going to have information-rich people and information-poor people," he says. The Information Age could thus create a new "underclass" of people who lack the skills necessary to take advantage of the new technology.

Consultant Philip Dorn shares those fears. "Short-term unemployment trends are likely," he speculates. "But far more critical are the long-term dangers of drastic population bipolarization. This would appear to generate a small minority of technologically oriented elitists against a vast majority of unskilled, nearly unemployable workers."

For all the uncertainties of the brave new electronic world, those who have considered the issues most thoroughly calmly accept an inevitable fact: Whether or not they create more jobs than they decimate, microprocessors will certainly change the *nature* of jobs and the patterns of employment. There will be less personal interaction in routine tasks, such as bank transactions, as well as in high-level decision-making, such as weighing the merits of closing down a plant. The undeniable logic of the silicon chip will tend to take us by the hand and lead us to the "right" decision.

In the face of such logic, the "human" quotient of job performance—the politics of personality, greed, conscience, honesty or ambition—is given little sway. When workers become ciphers in a vast electronic circuit they will have little option but to respond as ciphers. And in the world of electronics there are only two options—zero and one, or yes and no. There is no quibbling, no "on the other hand."

Fortunately, there is still time to argue. The electronic revolution cannot be denied, but it can, perhaps, be understood and tamed, so that it serves human needs beyond the economic tally sheet. By making the distribution of information—the wealth of the future—global and democratic, the new technology offers the world an unparalleled opportunity for equality. The challenge encompasses all aspects of society, from developing new systems of education and new attitudes toward economic growth to new forms of global politics. It means, in short, insuring that the individual cipher retains enough humanity to say maybe.

Jon Stewart is an editor at Pacific News Service, a national feature syndication service.

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ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS IN THE DATABANK

by Anthony Smith

MANY CENTURIES AGO pieces of important news would be purchased one at a time. A merchant would return across the high seas with wonderful accounts of affairs in Venice or Naples. A balladeer would inform his customers in rhyme of a battle which had just been fought a hundred miles away. A professional writer would return from a trip in Europe or in the East with an eloquent account of what he had seen, half-way between travelogue and diplomatic correspondence. The banking houses would circulate important political information collected by their agents around the world. The retired spy would offer the world a quick pamphlet of investigative journalism.

There was plenty of information about, and selling it was a profitable business for the printers. Publishers and would-be publishers scoured the great street markets of London, Paris, Antwerp, and Nuremberg in search of returned travelers, secret agents back from long trips, merchants with letters from clients, ladies with letters from soldier lovers, anyone with a salable manuscript of news.

The newspaper itself arrived in the first quarter of the 17th century, and it was based upon a clever merchandising trick— "putting the occurrences all together" was how one publisher explained it. It meant collecting into one publication a series of accounts of events that had happened in different places, at different times, culled from a variety of sources. Its very rapid success was based upon the fact that it was a periodical publication: It gave the reader the feeling that he was being given a regular and authoritative survey of the world with everything of significance laid out before him. He would quickly acquire a passing acquaintance with matters of trade, diplomacy, finance, warfare, high politics, as well as being enabled to recount fluently all manner of weird happenings—monstrous births, cows with two heads, comets, red snow, and other sensational manifestations.

All great innovations in merchandising consist in offering some valuable service to someone who could not previously afford it. The newspaper leveled its information down to its growing audience, and over the course of three and a half centuries it became ever more miscellaneous a form, its contents covering a wider range of information, each new section being added for the purpose of recruiting a wider audience. American newspapers today are among the more amazing sights in American society for all foreign visitors, for they have become swollen beyond measure, most of their copious pages being thrown away by most of the readers, although every page is of some interest to someone. The average reader of a metropolitan daily ignores 90 percent of what is contained in it. We are watching a slow reversal of the original merchandising trick: The newspaper has become so much of a hodgepodge that the sheer costs of manufacturing and distributing it are beginning to outbalance the advantages of having an easy portmanteau medium for all readers.

Everyone is by now familiar with the fact that newspaper printing technology is in the midst of an historic revolution. The computer has entered the ancient production routines of the newspaper, disturbing the cobwebs, making the floorboards creak in unaccustomed places, sending the workers out on strike. A great convulsion is taking place, the main result of which, in the layman's eyes, is a reduction in the total hours of labor that go into the setting of type and the presswork. To all outward appearances the new printing equipment, which has abolished the use of molten lead, reduced all the hot and heavy labor of heaving heavy stereotype plates around the plant, and turned newspapering largely into a white-coated and white-collared affair, has merely substituted one production process for another. The newspaper when it reaches us looks exactly as it did before, cleaner in appearance, often containing more mistakes, with better pictures and more of them in color, just a little smarter. However, in no sense is it a different *medium.*

But what computerized printing promises or threatens, in essence, is an end to the miscellaneous newspaper, or a drastic overhaul of it. The mass newspaper, with its vast array of different kinds of information and entertainment material, played a crucial role in the economy and held a monopoly on mass advertising until the advent of the electronic media of radio and television. Today, all of the media, in a sense, are becoming electronic, print as well as audio and visual—and a different kind of economy of scale is becoming possible as a direct result.

NEWSPAPER printing depends upon various kinds of stereotype plate, a piece of metal upon which an image of the type has been implanted, sometimes leaving a raised impression for letterpress printing, sometimes leaving a flat photographic impression for offset printing. In a way the stereotype plate, which is wrapped around the rollers of the printing press, symbolizes the very miscellaneous nature of the medium, for its large expanse is embedded with a farrago of display and classified advertising, news, features, dozens of headlines, "jumps" of longer stories, pictures, small paragraphs of information.

It is the very technology which supports this that is in many ways becoming outmoded, in that the reader is known to want only a small segment of what is offered, while the advertiser is having to pay heavily for the reader to be given material he doesn't want in order to receive, at the same time, what he does want. If, one day, we could abolish the printing plate—which is quite feasible technically—and if the computer could be made to print directly onto paper the material actually required by the reader—or send it out along a telephone wire to a home-printer, or through the air to a television receiver—the newspaper could be manufactured for the individual rather than the mass.

Most readers would still want to have

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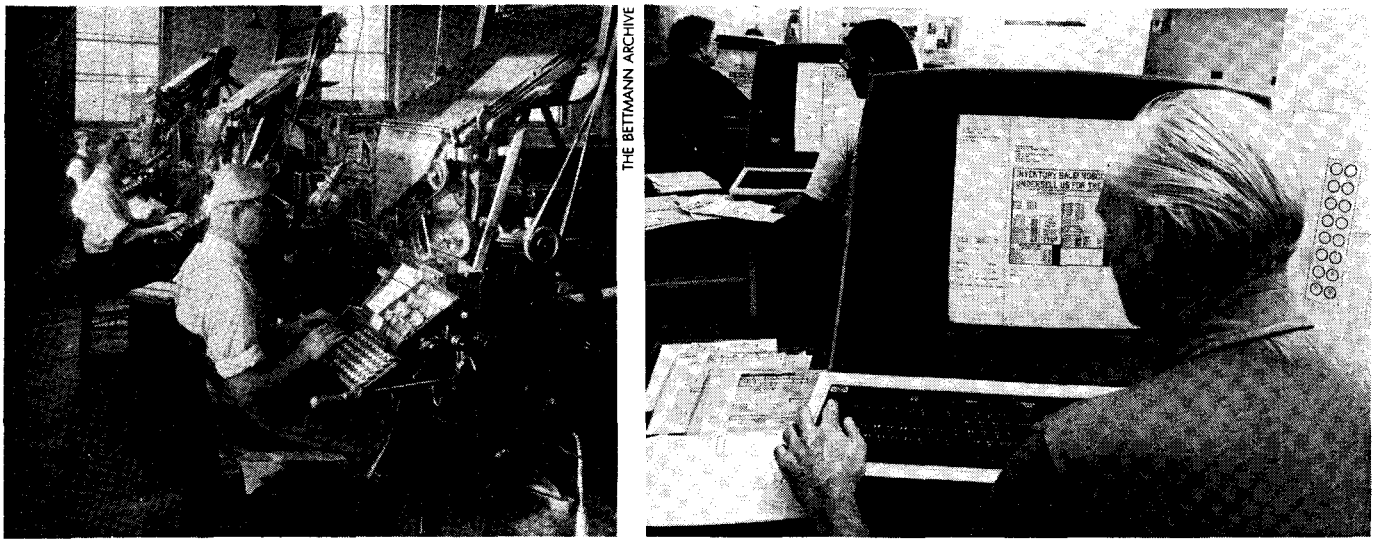

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Linotype operators have been made obsolete by the computer, which substitutes one production process for another.

a general news section, chosen by a professional editor in the traditional way. But for the rest, readers would elect to have one or two of the special sections that interest them; they might choose cookery (or even a specialized cuisine) plus financial news, international news, or more narrowly, news about African politics, or space, or golf.

The *Courier Journal* of Louisville has become a pioneer in the art of tailoring. Like other papers of similar size, it found it printed a tenth of the information that it had available and has started a number of experiments in identifying those of its readers who would like more of a particular kind of information, and then offering it to them. At the flick of a switch the material can be brought out of the computer and set in type; 1,000 readers are sufficient to make a special supplement economic, if printed in plain style. In its experiments it has asked readers to pay, but in due course advertising could gather around the special sections.

Even without advertising the service, it announced a special supplement of international news and hundreds of readers came forward and asked to receive it. In principle we know that newspaper readerships–vast overlapping series of tiny minorities forced uncongenially into the collectivity of the general public—could be "reorganized" to express their real needs more effectively. Now that the vast majority of American newspapers are local monopolies, the cause of pluralism has to be served by the readers rather than the publishers.

What we do not yet have is the whole of the technology required to push the logic of specialized readership and the tailoring of information to its conclusion. We are still tied to the stereotype plate—vastly improved though modern ones are—but when it becomes possible to generate text directly and cheaply from a computer, individualized printing will keep the economies of scale that were achieved by mass production while benefiting from an enhanced ability to get material to its customers as desired. The most likely of the new techniques for doing this, now about to be tried out experimentally at a newspaper in Ohio, is ink-jet printing, whereby tiny droplets of ink are sprayed onto paper in patterns determined by a data-processing unit.

THE IMPORTANT thing to realize is that the process of tailoring has already begun; all futuristic breakthroughs are foreshadowed half a century before their time by processes that are the same in principle but carry different labels. All over the world now, for well over a decade, newspapers have been publishing local zoned editions, stuffed into the main paper, as a means of aggregating advertising from a small concentrated neighborhood together with suitable local news.

One national Japanese paper has no fewer than 143 zoned editions added to its main output every day. To achieve this amazing feat it uses practically every technique of modern newspaper manufacture that exists. There are American papers with up to a dozen zoned editions. As subscription lists become computerized it becomes easier to collect information about readers' interests and keep it on line. Circulation departments are becoming more expert in the use of computers and it is already quite feasible to plan supplements which are delivered to some readers but not to others.

The newspaper since 1960 has in any case in most communities become a pile of separately printed sections, which are meant to be split up and shared among the different members of the household, according to individual interest. Several newspapers, including Long Island's *Newsday*, regularly list all the households who do not subscribe in a given neighborhood and deliver them a special advertising supplement, which promotes the newspaper and, at the same time, offers the advertisers the chance of 100 percent coverage of households. Newspapers are acquiring, with the aid of computers, much more sophisticated control over their circulation lists. The Los Angeles *Times* can stop and start subscriptions in a matter of minutes, as readers phone in to announce their holiday plans.

Step by step, the newspaper industry, partly unconsciously, is preparing for the day when technological opportunity and economic necessity make the newspaper into a more efficient and less miscellaneous medium.

The tailoring of information to individual needs involves a revolution in social attitude as much as in technology, for it means looking at the affairs of the world in a different way, and it means passing over to the consumer some of the sovereignty which by tradition lies with the editor. On the one hand there is the opportunity of giving people more of what they feel they need, on the other the fear that splitting the newspaper up into its component parts will somehow split society further into separate constituencies, each more ignorant of the other than is the case already. A mind-boggling conundrum suggests itself: If I only know what I have asked to be told, how do I know what to ask for in the first place? Fortunately, in the real world, trends never do reach their logical conclusion.

Anthony Smith is a British television producer and author of The Newspaper: An International History *(Norton), which will be published this month.*

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The Search for Juvenile Justice

by Michael Serrill

"THESE ARE THE armies of the night!" blares the advertising slogan for the controversial film *The Warriors*. The "armies" are made up of youthful thugs, some as young as 12. In New York City, the film tells us, there are tens of thousands of them wandering the streets and subways in loosely federated packs. Given half a chance each one of them will happily kill.

The Warriors is only the latest in a long series of media presentations, fictional and factual, that seem designed to depict young criminals, and sometimes teen-agers generally, as ogres. As always, it is hard to tell whether the media are molding the public mood or merely reflecting it. But there is little doubt that the public mood as regards juvenile crime is sour, even venomous. The people—at least those who influence state legislatures—want children accused of violent crimes locked up and locked up for a good long time.

Legislatures in at least a dozen states have obliged. They have passed laws making it much easier for serious juvenile offenders to be tried and sentenced in the adult courts, lowered the age of majority for those accused of a variety of crimes, and stipulated that certain juvenile offenders must be sent to secure state institutions. They have effectively dismissed the traditional belief that children are less responsible for their acts than adults.

While this harsh line has been capturing the headlines, a much quieter but equally powerful countermovement has succeeded in gaining the release from state institutions of thousands of children who are neglected, abused, or minor criminal offenders. The efforts of "child advocacy" groups have ranged from massive class-action lawsuits—one succeeded in having the entire Texas juvenile corrections system declared unconstitutional—to a Colorado suit in which a teen-ager has charged his mother and father with "parental malpractice."

But the get-tough forces and the children's rights' groups will agree on one point: The existing juvenile justice system has no consistent standards for the treatment of any juvenile in trouble, whether he is a murderer or an orphan, whether he has committed assault or been victimized by it. In several states, conservative and liberal groups have joined in an effort to rewrite the juvenile laws so that they define specifically the rights and obligations of juveniles in trouble, and the rights and obligations of the courts and other agencies that attempt to redirect their lives. The most comprehensive new statute took effect in Washington State a year ago and is widely regarded as a model for juvenile law reform.

The target of every effort to rewrite the juvenile laws is a single institution: the juvenile court (also known as "family" and "domestic relations" court). Its sustaining beliefs have been that troubled children must be treated differently from their adult counterparts, that they bear little or no responsibility for their acts, and that the state's obligation is to do everything necessary to resolve the social or familial problems that brought them to court. The court's mandate in almost every state has been to look at each individual case and take whatever action is in the "best interest" of the child. The word "punishment" has been anathema. Juvenile court judges have thus come to see themselves as administrators of social-service agencies rather than courts of law.

The broad discretion of the juvenile courts has been under relentless attack for many years now. The anti-institution forces claim that judges have always taken the easy way out by sentencing too many of their charges to training schools. The pro-institution forces charge that the judges, obsessed with fulfilling juveniles' social needs, have lost sight of their obligation to protect the community.

Until just a few years ago, the United States relied almost entirely on large public institutions for the imprisonment and treatment of juvenile offenders of all kinds. The entire legal and philosophical justification for the existence of these institutions—many of which were, and are, operated directly by juvenile courts—has been that they are rehabilitative. It is technically illegal in many states to send a child to an institution if it is not in his "best interest."

But in the late Sixties and early Seventies, a reform movement revealed many juvenile institutions as brutal, dehumanizing places where children had their heads shaved, were marched around in formation, were assaulted and held for years without hearings to determine if they could be released. There was a tide of revulsion against these conditions in the late Sixties that depopulated both adult and juvenile jails.

The culmination of the movement to get juvenile offenders out of public institutions came in 1971 and 1972, when Massachusetts Department of Youth Services Commissioner Dr. Jerome Miller stunned the juvenile justice community by closing down all of the state's juvenile training schools, which once held more than 1,000 children. The youngsters were sent home or were placed in privately operated "group homes"—small residences for eight to 12 children—or were placed in foster care. By 1974, almost all of the major states had reduced their juvenile institution populations by over half. Experiments were launched with a dozen different kinds of community programming.

But the anti-institution movement has run up against several obstacles in recent years. A controversial seven-year study of the experiment in Massachusetts by the Harvard Law School concluded that the children treated in community programs in 1973 were just as likely to commit new crimes as those released from institutions in 1968. A more recent and even more hotly debated study of community programs for hard-core delinquents in Chicago came to a still more discouraging conclusion: Teen-aged offenders sent to institutions or other highly structured programs were less likely to commit new crimes when released than those held in more

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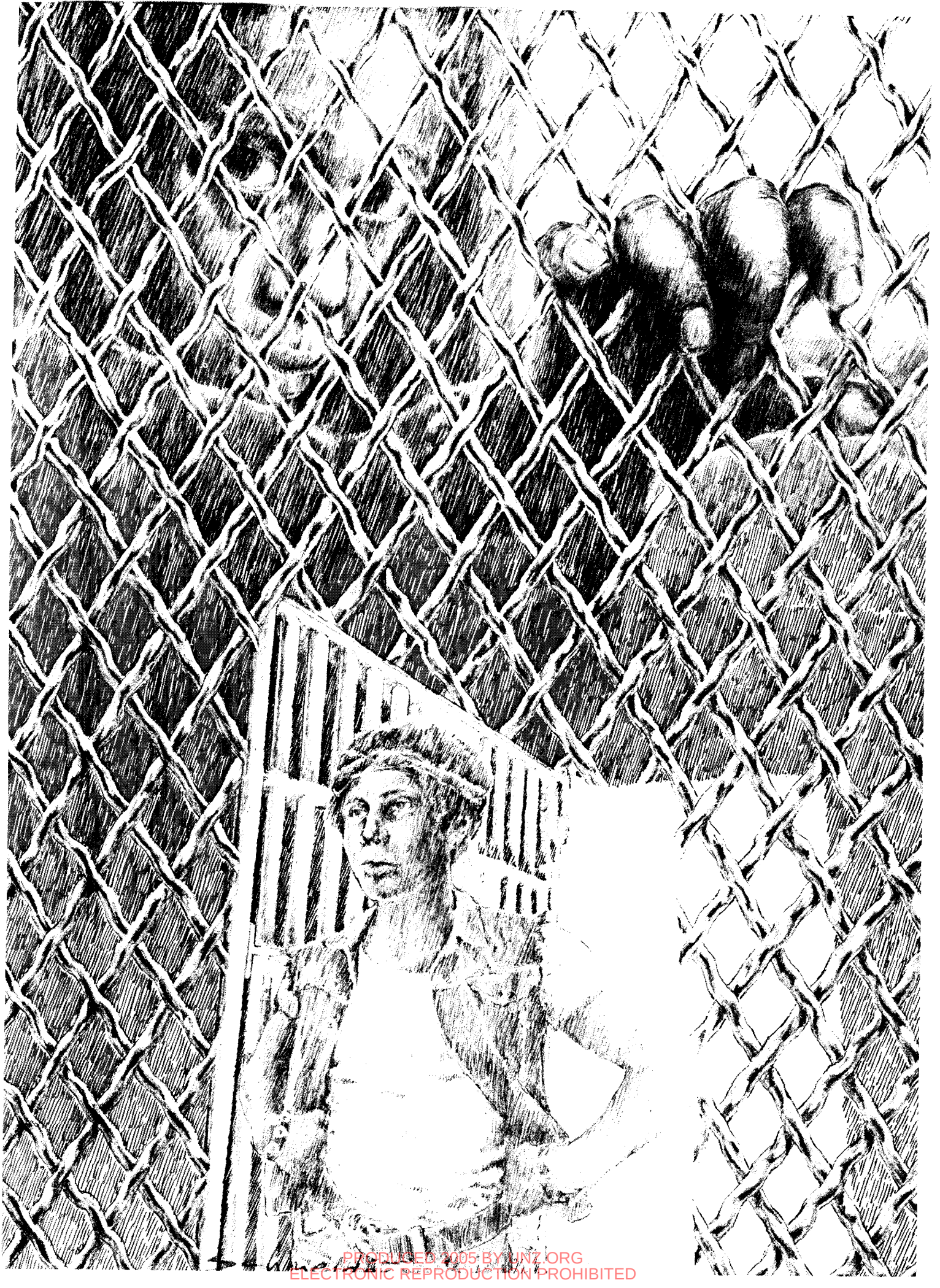

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While a number of states have made piecemeal reforms in their juvenile procedures, only Washington has attempted to restructure the entire system.

therapeutic programs.

Even if the reformers could prove that community programs are effective, they would be fighting an uphill battle against the many politicians who are determined that violent juvenile criminals be locked up, whether it does them any good or not. Between 1960 and 1975 the number of juveniles arrested for FBI Index crimes increased 283 percent. More than half of all arrests for serious crimes are of youths under 18. While 20 years ago juvenile delinquents confined their criminal activity to shoplifting, car theft, and burglary, they now commit robbery, rape, arson, and murder.

There is no scientific evidence that this explosion of juvenile crime has anything to do with juvenile court or corrections procedures; sociologists, in fact, are at a loss to explain why it has happened. But the angry political response was predictable. (It is ironic, however, that it has come now, since crime rates among both adults and juveniles have been declining since 1976.) New York and California, along with a growing number of smaller states, have stiffened penalties for juvenile crimes or lowered the age at which juveniles can be prosecuted as adults. There are several teen-agers among the 500 men and women on death rows around the country.

New York, which has a reputation as the state that is softest on juvenile criminals, passed a law last summer mandating that all 13-year-olds charged with murder and all 14- and 15-year-olds charged with murder and 14 other crimes be initially prosecuted in the adult courts. Maximum terms in institutions were expanded from 18 months to as long as life. (At least with respect to convicted offenders, New York's reputation for leniency is undeserved. It is one of only three states that send all 16- and 17-year-olds, whatever their crime, to adult prisons. On a given day, New York has more than 2,000 offenders aged 16–18 in adult jails, compared with about 40 in California.)

The anti-institution reformers have held their own against this tide of reaction, but not without some abandonment of their own ideals. The new laws which they have proposed effectively sacrifice the serious offenders to the brutalities of institutions while allowing—in Washington, mandating—lesser penalties for minor offenders and "status" offenders—runaways, truants, "ungovernable" children, and all others whose offense would not be punishable in an adult court.

While a number of states, under pressure from various interest groups, have made piecemeal reforms in their juvenile codes and procedures, only Washington has attempted to restructure the entire system. On July 1, 1978, a new juvenile code went into effect in Washington that glistens with modernity. It includes almost all the elements that reform groups have advocated.

The new law diverts all status offenders and many minor offenders out of the criminal justice system altogether. They will be dealt with by community agencies that will mete out both sanctions

and social services. Chronic and serious juvenile law violators must be sent to institutions under the new law. The judges no longer have a choice. Every ounce of their discretion has been taken away from them, at least as far as dispositions are concerned.

The state now operates under a point system, with each juvenile offender receiving a certain number of points based on his age, prior record, and current offense. Those who accumulate more than 110 points are committed to the state for a fixed period of time based on the same three factors. They cannot be paroled; parole release has been abolished. Those with less than 110 points cannot go to institutions, but they are not let off scot-free. They must make restitution to their victims, pay fines of as much as $100, and do as much as 150 hours of "community service"—work in local government or private programs for no pay. If they fail to live up to the terms of their restitution and community-service agreements, they can be locked up in the local juvenile detention center for as long as 30 days.

The new code comes as close as that of any other state to constituting a "bill of rights" for children. Children are no longer the chattels of their parents. If they run away from home and are picked up by police, they can refuse to go back home. When the new structure is fully in place, those who refuse to go home will be taken to non-secure "crisis residential centers," where they can stay up to 72 hours while counselors negotiate between the parents and children to resolve the family problem that caused the child to leave home. If the problem is not resolved within 72 hours, the case will be taken to court. But the judge cannot order the child to go home if the child doesn't want to, as he could before the new law was passed, and as judges in other states still can. If the child refuses to cooperate the judge cannot declare him "ungovernable" and send him to an institution. Parents, judges, probation counselors, and community workers can recommend counseling or therapy for both delinquent and nondelinquent youths, but the youngsters have the right to refuse it. Those who are delinquent enough to be sent to institutions also have the right to refuse counseling and therapy; they cannot be punished for not cooperating and, since their terms are fixed, they cannot be denied release.

The Washington law is being held up as a model by reformers inside and outside the state. But for all its virtues, it has yet to squarely confront the problems raised by serious offenders. The new law provided no additional funds to expand school and counseling programs for the 625 children (down from 1,500 in the late Sixties) in Washington's seven institutions. The main emphasis of the law was to expand services for the minor and status offenders who were diverted out of institutions by the law. The hard core of juvenile offenders are locked up at places like the Green Hill School in Chehalis. Green Hill includes two maximum security units. These are new and clean, but very prisonlike buildings where serious offenders are required under Washington's new juvenile law to spend at least 90 days. Most spend much longer there—some as long as a year. Some of them go to school a few hours a day; for the rest of the day the staff has to scramble to find something for them to do. There are no vocational education programs they can attend, according to "group-life" counselor Allie Thurman, and the counseling they get is minimal. "It makes me sick—the waste," says Thurman angrily, waving his hand toward the 16 boys meandering aimlessly around the narrow day room at Fir Cottage, one of Green Hill's two maximum-security units.

The inmates are quick to second the

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For people with difficulty reading, hobbyists, people who do close work...

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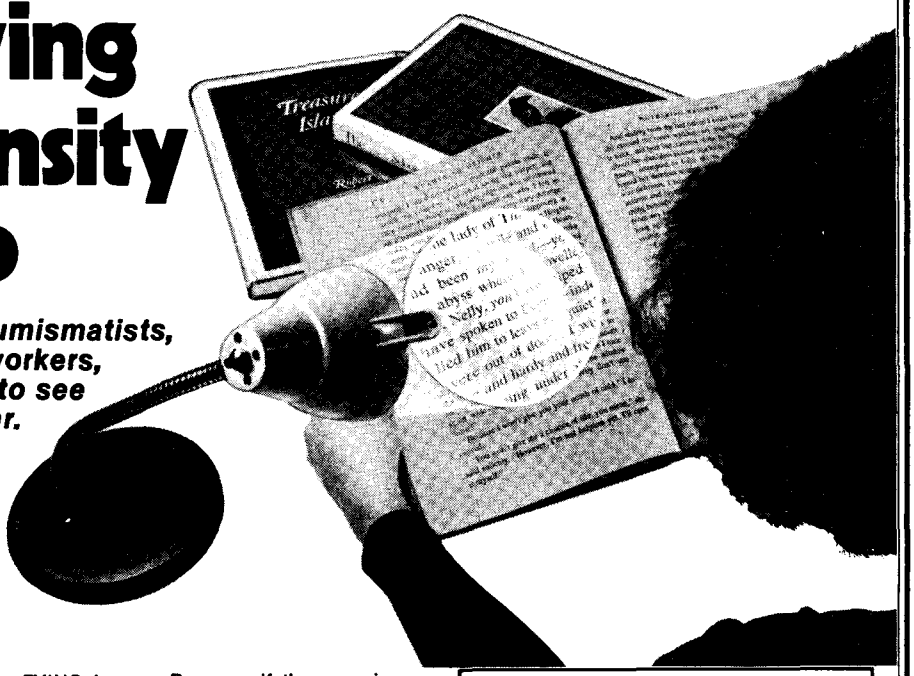

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The heavy, black-enameled *cast iron* base of this lamp keeps it steady, prevents undesirable shifting or vibrations in use. Yet the bright chrome-plated gooseneck allows you to position the lamp precisely for *pin-point accuracy*, no matter what the chore.

Aim the lamp at a book page, at a group of stamps being mounted, even at a watch being repaired. You have *precise* control over light placement.

And the precisely mounted magnifying lens is *pre-focused* to view exactly the area being illuminated. Use of this lamp is simplicity itself!

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And magnification value is just *one* of many unusually thoughtful features of this remarkable lamp!

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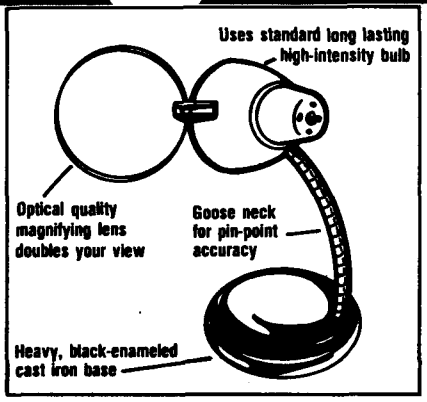
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point Thurman was making.

"They don't do nothin' for you here," said one boy in Fir Cottage matter-of-factly as a half-dozen of his fellow inmates nodded agreement. Asked what they could do for him, the boy, convicted of armed robbery and assault and serving 40 months, said they could teach him a trade. He could think of nothing else. He said he didn't need "treatment"; he wasn't sick.

Thurman and many other staff members at Green Hill denounce the "determinate" sentencing and absence of parole of the new juvenile code. Green Hill, the state's oldest and most secure facility, currently holds 112 boys, most of them convicted of violent crimes. Before the new law went into effect last July, most delinquents spent less than a year in the institution; now they are being sentenced to terms as long as four years.

LAW ENFORCEMENT officials respond to criticisms of harshness by pointing to the gross deficiencies, as well as the injustice, of the old system. The determinate-sentence aspect of the law, for example, was pushed—in fact, written—by officials of the King County (Seattle and environs) prosecutor's office and the Seattle police department. Like their counterparts in most cities, the police and prosecutors in Seattle had long been angry at the fact that the seriousness of a teen-ager's crime and the length of his criminal record seemed to have nothing to do with the disposition of his case. Seattle Assistant Chief of Police Elmer E. Knechtel, who spent more than 20 years in the department's juvenile bureau, can tell countless "horror stories" about juveniles who committed crime after crime with seeming impunity. "We had a kid who had been arrested 64 times," Knechtel recalls, "35 of them for felonies. And he had never done time in an institution." Knechtel says that 30 years ago juveniles comprised 20 to 25 percent of those arrested for burglary and 33 percent of those arrested for car theft. By 1977, he said, the respective percentages had risen to 63 and 82 percent. At least some of this change, said Knechtel, "has got to be due to the fact that we didn't do anything about it."

But the ire of law-enforcement officials was aroused not merely by leniency but by an almost wild inconsistency in sentencing, apparently unrelated to the severity of the crime involved. Jay Reich, head of the juvenile division of the King County prosecutor's office, describes an example of this "bizarre" process. "We had back-to-back cases before the same judge. The first case was a young gal who had been convicted of prostitution at age 14 and had tremendous dependency problems. She was committed to the state institution.... The next case before the judge was a 16- or 17-year-old male who had been convicted of rape in the first degree. He was given four weekends in detention, because he was amenable to the social services available in the community .... There was no sense of proportionality or predictability. I don't know what the message given to the kids was about committing crimes."

Though grave injustices of this sort appeared to provide adequate justification for a more rational, and harsher, system of punishment, even enforcement officials expect the new toughness to have little or no effect on juvenile crime rates. Warren Netherland, director of the Division of Juvenile Rehabilitation, which runs the state institutions, admits, "As near as I can tell, there is nothing that any part of the criminal justice system does that affects

crime rates. The thing we [in the juvenile system] have going for us more than anything else is maturity. A lot of credit we take for programs would probably happen if we did nothing."

In fact, it is hard to find anyone, in Washington or elsewhere, who thinks he has found a method of rehabilitating criminals, juvenile or adult. The advantages of the new system, says state Representative Mary Kay Becker, one of its principal backers in the legislature, are not that it will reduce crime or rehabilitate more offenders, but that it is more fair and more honest. The juveniles who are sent off to institutions should be the first to know, she added, that "we are not sending [them there] to do them any good. We're sending them there because their behavior has demonstrated that they are a menace to society."

The trend to deal more seriously with serious offenders and less harshly with others is likely to continue. The Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention, created by Congress in 1974, has adopted regulations forbidding any state or county agency that receives its funds from placing nondelinquents or status offenders in secure institutions. It also forbids the mixing of delinquents and nondelinquents and the mixing of adult and juvenile offenders in any program. At stake is more than $100 million annually in federal juvenile-justice funds. There was great indignation among local officials at this federal attempt to coerce them. But in the end the money was too attractive to ignore, and most of them are making grudging attempts to comply. The number of juveniles in state correctional institutions has been steadily declining since at least 1965, when there were about 43,000, to 26,000 today; this decline has continued in the past few years despite an increase in the number of serious offenders sent to institutions.

Furthermore, the effort to expand the due process rights of juveniles got a powerful push on February 12, when the House of Delegates of the American Bar Association approved no less than 17 volumes of "standards" for the operation of juvenile courts and correctional systems. Portions of the standards have already been incorporated verbatim into the Washington State law and into proposed new laws in several other states. The ABA recommends a "due process model" in which juvenile defendants are entitled to the full panoply of due process rights now provided for adults, including open hearings (all are now closed, to protect the child from the glare of publicity) and jury trials, which no state now permits. Perhaps the most radical ABA recommendation is that the sentences of juvenile offenders be standardized according to the severity of the offense, the age of the child, his criminal record, and that his "social history" play no role in deciding a disposition.

Although the object of these recent reforms is a more fair and just juvenile system, there remains the danger that the agencies of government will see their entire mission as the imposition of *legal* justice and forget about the equally pressing imperative of *social* justice. While it may not be the courts' proper role to address the history of poverty, discrimination, abuse, and deprivation that most defendants carry with them to the courtroom, it is certainly someone's responsibility. If the new juvenile sentencing systems mean that delinquent youngsters' individual problems and needs will be ignored, then this attempt at reform, like those before it, will be a failure.

Michael S. Serrill is the executive editor of Corrections *and* Police *magazines.*

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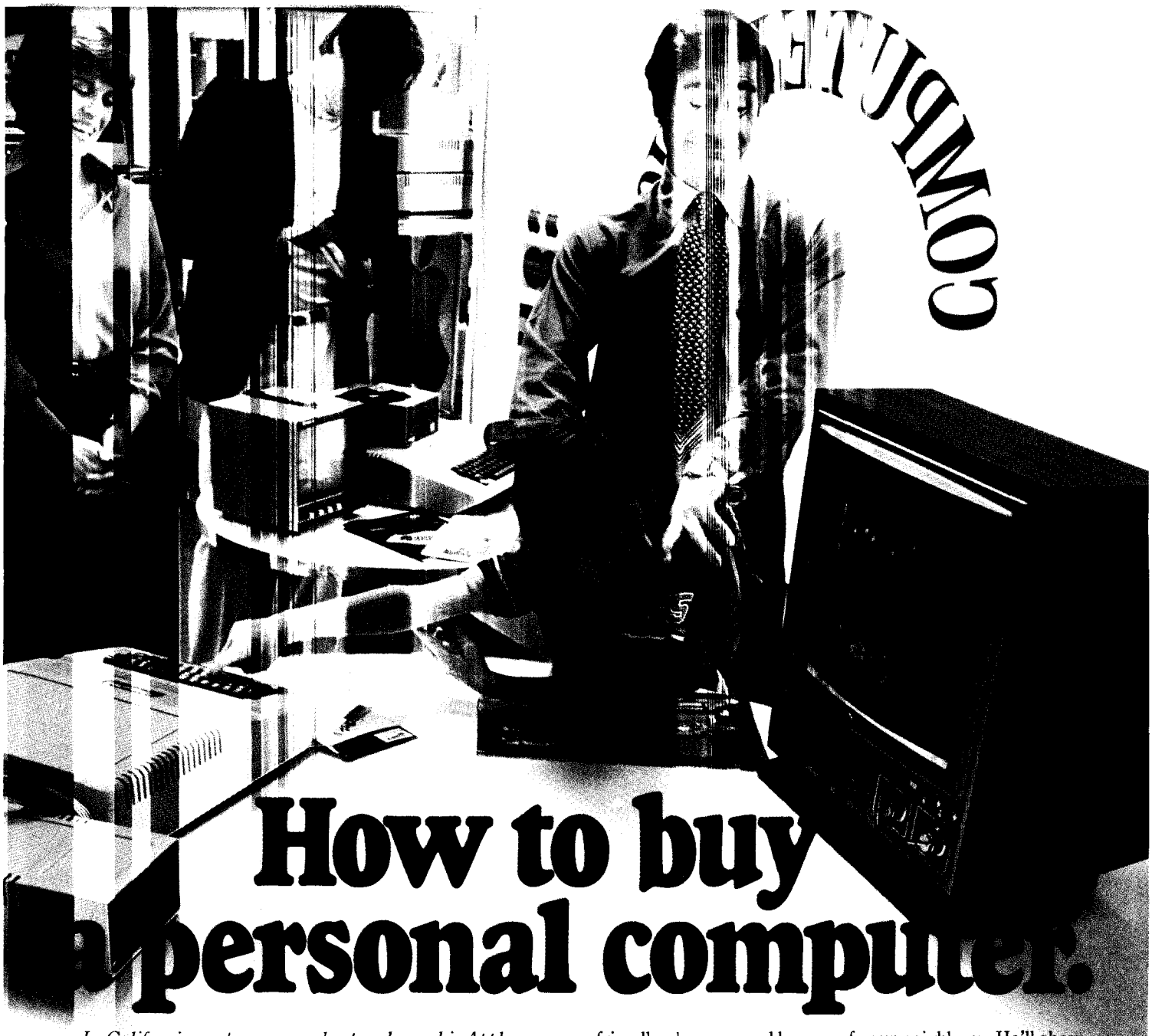

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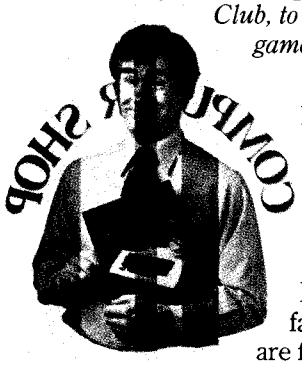

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LOOKOUTS

José Limon's Moor's Pavane *in rehearsal (1978).*

Summer's Night Dreams

Marathon dancing has gone out of fashion, but this summer's crowded dance festival itinerary argues that the nonstop craze might be making a comeback. Just two could easily fill almost every cool evening of the long hot summer ahead.

The American Dance Festival, which will lay claim to the town of Durham, North Carolina, from June 16 through July 28, focuses on the performers of more contemporary, experimental works. Included in its program are world premieres by the companies of Paul Taylor (July 23, 24, 26 to 28) and Laura Dean (July 12 to 14), appearances by Pilobolus (June 28 to 30), and by Alvin Ailey's and José Limon's troupes (June 21 to 23 and July 5 to 7, respectively). The Jacob's Pillow Festival, to be held in Lee, Massachusetts, from July 2 through August 25, combines performances of modern pieces with classical ones. Some of its notables are: soloists of the Royal Danish Ballet (July 2, the third stop on a nine-city international summer tour), the mixed-media magician Alwin Nikolais's dance theater (August 14 to 18), and soloists from our ardent contemporary classicists, the Houston Ballet (July 24 to 28).

Invasion of the Photo Snappers

From June 16 to September 16 Venice will be flooded—not, for a change, by the importunate Adriatic Sea, but with photographers and photography enthusiasts (not to mention the usual three million summer visitors). *Venezia '79— La Fotografia*, the largest photographic gathering ever organized, will offer all manner of seminars, lectures, workshops, exhibitions, and symposiums focusing on the theme "Trends and Masters of the Twentieth Century." Such luminaries as Marie Cosindas, Duane Michals, Lucien Clergue, and Lee Friedlander will teach 46 master workshops; "specialists" like historian Weston Naef and collector Sam Wagstaff will lecture; and 25 exhibits will be on view at galleries, museums, and "sites" across what may be the world's most photogenic city. (Interestingly, many of the shows are not new, but created a stir when they were first mounted and so have been dubbed "significant."

UNESCO and the municipality of Venice are joint sponsors of *Venezia '79*. Contact the International Center of Photography (1130 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10028) for information.

A detail from Giuseppe Primoli's "The Kiss" *(ca.1890).*

Slick Cities

When the day arrives in which one American city can be distinguished from another only by the way it shuffles its John Portman hotel, convention center, stadium, and mall we'll fondly turn the pages of Paul Goldberger's guidebooks to urban architecture, occasionally whispering, "Now there was a building." But until that time we can use the books to explore such spirited structures ourselves, by foot or by armchair.

And what better writer as our guide than *New York Times* architecture critic Goldberger, who seems to have an uncanny insight into the thrills of stone and steel. Of New York's art deco palace, the Chrysler Building, Goldberger writes, "There is something that makes that odd silvery tower glimmer in the sun and brings a smile to our lips." *The City Observed: New York*, the first in the series, is due from Random House this month.

Another city book (but there the similarity ends) is *Atlantic City: 125 Years of Ocean Madness* (Potter/Crown). With photographs compiled by reporter and Atlantic City native Vicki Gold Levi, Lee Eisenberg (former editor of *Esquire*) here recounts the history of the city built on sand and fantasy. The city where not only Miss America but Miss Submarine, Miss Hydrangea Queen, and Miss Beach Patrol, among others, were crowned. Where W.C. Fields got his start. Where a hotel could be shaped like an elephant, and a typewriter could be bigger than one. The city, in short, whose past shenanigans make its present image seem quite sedate.

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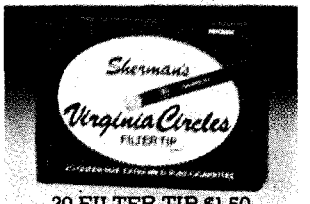

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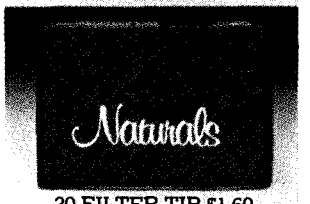

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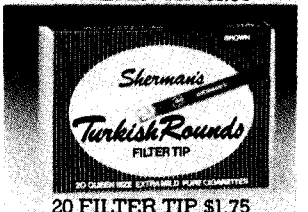

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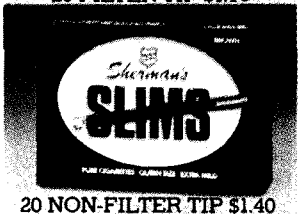

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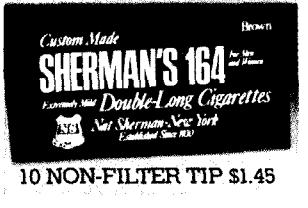

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R&R in the USSR

by Barney Cohen

THEY WEAR 1960s-style Beatles suits—you know, no collar. And they play 1960s-style Beatles music, except not so good. As a matter of fact, almost everything sounds like a 1960s-style Beatles version of a Burger King commercial." The speaker is Morris Moscovitch, a Russian comedian recently arrived in New York to "flee Soviet oppression" and make a killing in American nightclubs.

The group he is talking about is Czenary Gitary, a Polish rock band currently touring the Soviet Union. "They're hysterical,"Moscovitch says. The music he's talking about is R&R in the USSR. But it is no laughing matter.

Pop music is not a Soviet cultural treasure. Rock and roll music is officially frowned on by the Soviet press and music agencies, and rock and roll from the "outside" is officially iron-curtained altogether. Something, however, is in the wind. Change is coming, but slowly, with powerful forces still arrayed four-square against it.

"More than 100 Russian musical acts are now touring the world," boasts one of those forces, L. Supogin, director of Gosconcert, the state concert-booking agency. But ask him who from "the world" is touring Mother Russia, and he can only name George Ots (from Estonia), Karel Gott (the Czech), and the very hip Czenary Gitary. "They were SRO at the Leningrad Hotel," Supogin says, "and they have an album coming out on Melodiya." Melodiya is the state record company.

Melodiya is, of course, a good deal of the problem. Though it is one of the world's largest recording companies (with five pressing plants, a brace of studios, and a 200-million-record-per-year output), the state—and only—record-producing facility admits to "a soft spot in our pop area."

P.I. Shabanov, a Melodiya production executive, also confesses that 40 percent of all their records are still packaged in plain sleeves.What's inside those sleeves is the larger problem.

According to Shabanov, 75 percent of Melodiya's 13.4 million new-issue records this year were "pop, easy listening, and cosmopolitan market." But that's Russian bureau-speak for the "Burger King" music that Moscovitch lampoons. The *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, the Soviet culture and criticism magazine, puts the figure at a much lower 25 percent. Either way, when you're talking about Melodiya, you're talking about a total of some 300 artists, mostly homegrown, and all approved by the Melodiya Artistic Board. Is any music from the "outside" brought in? Well, Melodiya does have five Paul Mauriat albums and a few more international artists of the same stripe. And there's always Czenary Gitary. But no rock and roll.

Melodiya places the blame on information, or the lack of it. After years of dismissing the big beat as decadent, imperialistic, and probably bad for the new Soviet man, the party line now goes something like this: "We didn't know that's what they wanted to *hear*." They're working on a remedy with the first demographic survey in Melodiya's history. It is not very sophisticated (about the level of the *Playboy* Jazz Poll, according to *Billboard)*, but they have high hopes.

Maybe it will help. And if the survey doesn't pan out, the bureaus concerned have a built-in explanation. How could Soviet youth respond to it without the basic information they needed to answer the questions? Because there is no pop-music publication in the USSR, there's no consumer information. *That's* why there's no demand. And around we go.

Of course Melodiya could print a music mag, *but*, they tell you, someone has and it failed. The Sovietsky Kompositor Publisher's lasted only two issues. Shabanov has a "long memory." There's been no source of pop-music information since its demise in 1970. Except for radio, which is another story.

Okay, here I am in the USSR and I'm checking out the progress of the revolution—the rock and roll revolution. I switch on my Panasonic. What do I hear? Not much.

TASS FROM SOVFOTO

Organizers of the new Musical Express disco, already one of the most popular cafes in Moscow.

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INTERFOTO/SOVFOTO

Lots of Eastern European radio stations find their way into Russia, so Hungarian groups like Omega (left) and Skorpió are not completely unknown.

There's Mayak, the state radio station. It's got three bands. One is soap opera and drama. One is news. The third is "general," 25 percent "pop" (that word again). So I don't listen to Mayak. A Helsinki station filters in to Moscow when the air is right, but Finnish pop is Finnish. A French station is picked up on some kind of cosmic bounce, all the way from Lyon, but they play almost nothing but old Edith Piaf records.

Radio Free Europe is heavily jammed and mostly talk. Voice of America used to be jammed but the Soviets stopped that half a dozen years ago on the assumption no one was listening. They were wrong. People were listening all right, but what they were hearing were some high-tone jazz and a bit of Donny and Marie as part of an "American Pop" repertoire that was a kind of "wild and crazy guy" in reverse.

Of course lots of Eastern European stations find their way in, but their signals, though strong, have two drawbacks: native announcers and the ever-present Czenary Gitary.

USSR radio would be bleak indeed if it weren't for the BBC. The sun may set, daily, on the British Empire these days but around the world they've still got your ear. And Moscow youths thank their musical stars for it. The BBC comes over in Russian (a mellifluous DJ named Max Goldberg at the mike) with broadcasts of news, classics, and just a bit of the genuine, real live, honest-to-gosh R&R. Yes, the Russians do hear the real thing. Mick Jagger and Warren Zevon, Linda Ronstadt and Blondie. And they want more. Enough so that Soviet Central Television (the tube is much bigger than radio and recordings in the USSR) scheduled two shows—"Song 79" and "International Panorama"—in which pop artists lip synch their latest hits. The first efforts, alas, featured Paul Anka and Demis Roussos.

Well, you can fool some of the proletariat all of the time, and all of the proletariat some of the time, but you can't give them Paul Anka when they've heard Meatloaf. Voice of America began getting letters. Now it is turning disco. Donna Summer and Gloria Gaynor are very big on VOA this month. And for next month—are you ready—Village People and the Salsoul Orchestra. The number-one song in Moscow this week (not by Melodiya's survey but a friend's actually counting who is humming what at his Gorky Street bus stop) is the Bee Gees's "Stayin' Alive." Which, of course, brings us to disco.

Disco is a Moscow rumor. Gosconcert announced that "the world's biggest" would be built down on Kalinin Prospect, but it hasn't been. So once again the workers have united. The same "street information" that drove the black-market price of Dylan's "Blood on the Tracks" up to $150 in Russia has been turning a good many workers' clubs, union halls, and Komsomols (youth centers) into mini-discos. Flashing lights—60s style, but still discos—black-market music when possible, and the inevitable Czenary Gitary.

You can be sure, however, that help is on the way.

Last autumn, Polar Music of Stockholm announced an incredible deal for ABBA's "Arrival" album. "For the first time," according to *Billboard*, "the Russians are said to have agreed to manufacture and market an overseas album without insisting on reciprocal trade in exchange."

The Melodiya Artistic Board had decreed the pretty-pretty ABBA group fit for Soviet consumption. Okay, ABBA is not Kiss but it is not Paul Mauriat either. With the door thus left slightly ajar, the R&R vacuum will be sucking everything in.

It took all Gosconcert's Party clout to cancel, at the very last second, a Bill Graham (via London Records) deal to stage a July 4 concert at the Palace Square outdoors in Leningrad, a pilot project that had snowballed to include the Beach Boys, Santana, and Joan Baez. Hundreds of Soviet youths were detained in the ensuing protest.

But it may be too late to slam the door. A rock and roll Operation Barbarossa is rolling east. Barbra Streisand's *Lazy Afternoon* has been licensed over to Melodiya by CBS and, while Barbra is also no Meatloaf, CBS is counting on rock and roll to follow. "The potential is enormous," says Marvin Saines, vice president of the CBS Masterworks division which, until now, has handled just about all the company's dealings with Melodiya. "Nobody knows really how big it is because the market has never been tested. They [the Soviets] limit the quantities of imports. What they do is license, say, 100,000 pressings of a record, press it up, and send them out to the state record stores. In an hour those records are all gone."

That's how it was. This is how it's going to be. Boney M, the Jamaican disco-reggae group that grew popular on BBC, will be pressed into Soviet immortality by Melodiya. EMI has announced deals for Dean Martin (*Best of...*), Paul McCartney and Wings (*Band on the Run*), and John Lennon (*Images*).

After months of prodding by *Literaturnaya Gazeta* and the better part of the Komsomols, the Soviet music writer Vadim Yurchenkov reports that, "*Klub*, the biweekly magazine of trade unions and youth clubs, has changed its format to include two 'sound pages'—flexi-discs—to be inserted in each issue ... one entirely for rock, jazz, or contemporary music." In addition, the editors are planning a record-review column and a column on music *worldwide*.

Melodiya is taking it all in, hearing the voices, examining its options. In the works already is a program of "local" artists with a country-and-western and propaganda format. It ain't Wolfman Jack, but it's a start.

Look out Czenary Gitary.

Barney Cohen is a freelance writer living in New York.

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Shakespeare's Nuisance

THE SUMMER IS Shakespeare's ghetto in America. The great tragedies, histories, and comedies have become festivalized. One could be irritated by that, but why bother? These are professional productions, for the most part, and they are exceedingly popular, from the San Diego Shakespeare Festival to the ones in Oregon and the Great Lakes and Stratford, Connecticut, to Joseph Papp's free Shakespeare in Central Park, New York City, and the internationally famous Stratford Festival in Canada. Nor are these productions ever more popular than when presenting the public's most favorite Shakespearean.

Sir John Falstaff was oversized in more than one way. He was the brainstorm Shakespeare regretted, the character who ran away from his play. Shakespeare never created a more imaginative figure, nor one who proved a greater nuisance. Falstaff took star status and just wouldn't let go. Shakespeare could do nothing to weaken the man's grip on the public fancy and yet Falstaff remained only a featured character who could not carry a play.

Falstaff's success seemed Shakespeare's calamity. The knight distracted attention from the main subject of *Henry IV, Parts One* and *Two*: monarchical stability. One look at the fat old knight and the audiences forgot about royal responsibility in favor of Falstaffian high spirits, Falstaffian low comedy, Falstaffian irresponsibility.

Nor was it only an audience of commoners that clamored after Falstaff. Queen Elizabeth, occupant of the very throne Shakespeare was defending, asked for more of the rascally, timorous, unchivalrous errant-knight.

What is it about Falstaff that made him so popular? He is crazy-quilt humanity, the braggart brought to heel, the battlefield coward, the ineffectual lover, the knight in refreshingly tarnished armor. He takes the knocks for all of us. He is ineptly written after *Henry IV, Part One*—by a Shakespeare who had had it with him—but he goes lovably on. He overwhelms even the sloppy writing of his lines.

To be specific about Falstaff, you can't be specific about Falstaff. Which one do you want to talk about? The high spirited, boisterous boozer of *Henry IV, Part One*? The grown-up brat with dangerous friends of *Part Two*? The brainless goat of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*? Or the rejected, tragic victim of *Henry V*, who isn't even granted an onstage scene?

CULVER PICTURES

Falstaff as painted by R. Smirke in 1793.

Perhaps the Falstaff who has won the hearts of 400 years' worth of audiences is the Falstaff who had the nerve to live for himself, the Falstaff who simply and fully enjoyed life and wasn't about to sacrifice it to some idiot concept of battlefield honor. "Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound?... What is honor? A word. What is that word honor? Air. Who hath it? He that died a Wednesday. I'll none of it." *(Henry IV, Part One)*

The *Henry V* trilogy, the story of the becoming of the ideal king, begins with *Henry IV, Part One*. Falstaff is introduced as old, poor, boastful, cowardly, lustful, noisy, gluttonous—a booming manchild. Dramatically, there is only one reason for his existence: to pose a threat to Prince Hal's future as a responsible king. He is "a misleader of youth."

Shakespeare must share the blame for continuing him into the second part of *Henry IV*. His rationalization was that he would demonstrate Prince Hal's maturity by repudiating the old boy. Shakespeare tried to justify the knight's fall from grace by making *Part Two*'s Falstaffian scenes crueler, more coarse, and less forgivably immoral.

This ploy didn't work. By giving in to the character's popularity Shakespeare only guaranteed mediocrity for Falstaff's second appearance, and, ironically, instead of satisfying the audience he made them hungry for more Falstaff. Queen Elizabeth herself invited the playwright to write another vehicle for the character and even specified the plot: Falstaff as a lover. And worse, she gave Shakespeare three weeks to come up with the play.

Writing on an imposed subject under an impossible time limit is not exactly ideal. Most scholars agree that in his lack of interest and haste, Shakespeare simply lifted prototypes of popular Italian comedy (some say he stole a play altogether). *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was doomed to be second rate and, ironically, its Falstaff was unrecognizable. The jovial knight was gone and in his place was an old fool, humiliated by a couple of restless suburban wives.

Yet, despite the reluctance of Shakespeare to continue the Falstaff character, despite the public pressure that kept him from developing the character as he might have liked, despite the character's insistence on taking over every play he was in, Falstaff never succeeded as a main character. His energy would overshadow everyone else, but he couldn't take charge. Something was missing, *but what?*

Music. He needed to sing. It took opera to make a leading man of Falstaff. Verdi's *Falstaff* is that incredible creation—the opera that is actually better than the Shakespeare. Mind you, Verdi's wasn't the first operatic version of *The Merry Wives*. Henry Bishop, an English composer we can definitely call obscure, wrote one in 1824. A quarter of a century later, Carl Nicolai wrote his version, though he has only a popular overture to show for it.

It was Boito's libretto—a masterful version of *The Merry Wives*, interspersed with sections from both parts of *Henry IV*—that made it at last possible for Falstaff to *take stage*—to have a title all his own, a play named for him—to become the leading man audiences always wanted him to be, despite his creator's misgivings. Shakespeare was right. Falstaff couldn't carry a play. He needed an opera.

—Martin Gottfried

Author's note: The Stratford Festival in Canada, the most famous repertory theater on this continent, will be offering performances of both parts of Henry IV *throughout the summer.*

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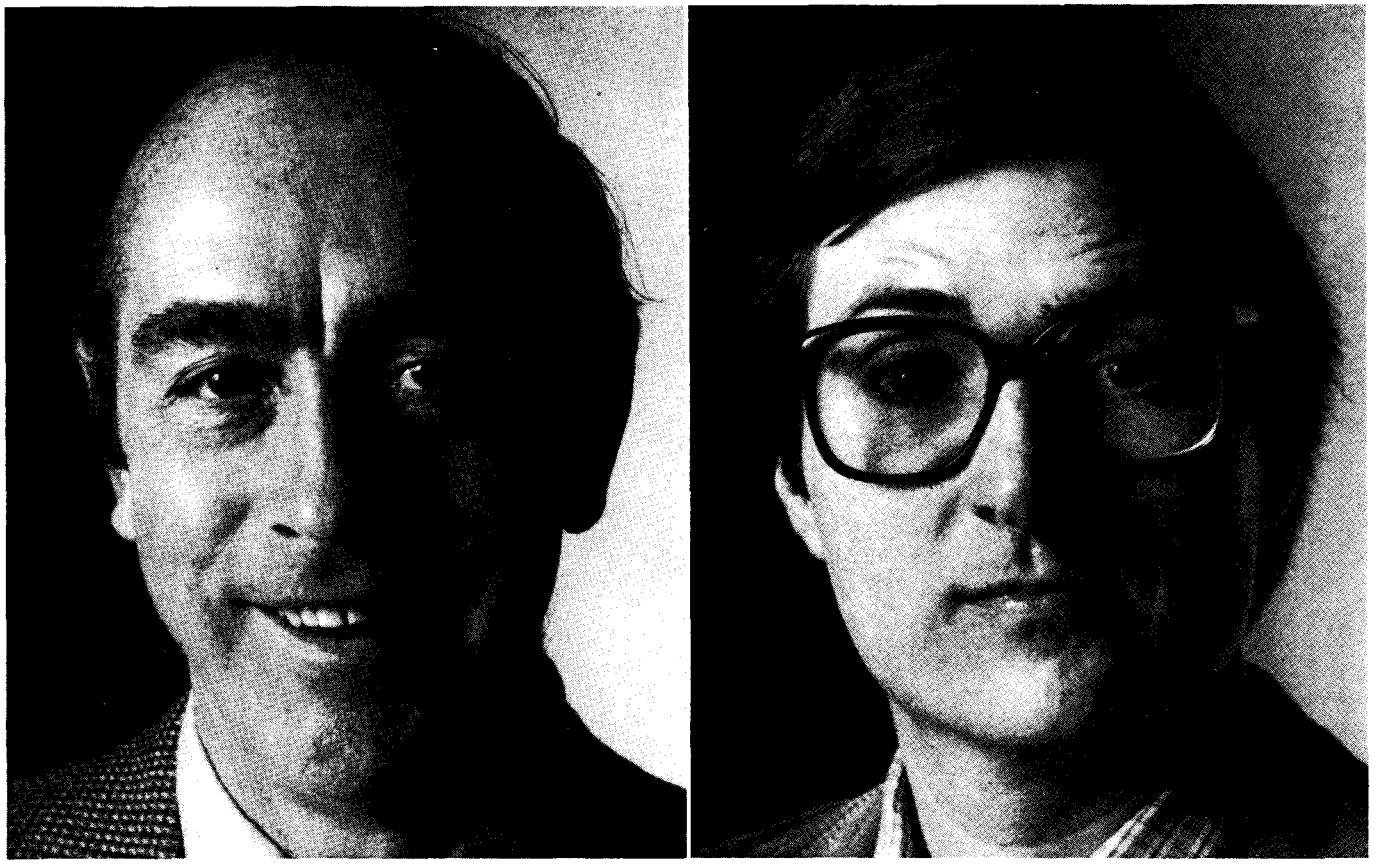

One of these men just bought a car that's specially ordered, newly painted, but belongs to someone else.

He got a "really great deal" from "somebody who knew somebody in the business." What the man on the left didn't know was that "the business" was car theft—a $1.7 billion business—one of the most lucrative and costly crimes in the country today. Lucrative for thieves, costly for the rest of us.

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- Investigating theft claims more thoroughly.
- Encouraging manufacturers to install improved locking devices.
- Utilizing a system that checks for incorrect or forged vehicle identification numbers.
- Encouraging improvement of state automobile certificate of title laws.
- Informing people what they can do to prevent auto theft.

Here's what you can do:

- Check the title before you buy a used car.
- Support anti-car theft campaigns sponsored by the National Automobile Theft Bureau and by other organizations.
- Take your key and lock your doors. Don't invite trouble.
- Install an anti-theft alarm. You may receive a premium discount.
- Avoid the temptation to make that "really great deal"—you may lose the vehicle and your money.

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TV's Little White Lies

THE TRITE bromide about television is that the medium is essentially passive, that it stifles conversation, and that it turns us into witless escapists. I confess to voicing these thoughts more than occasionally, but the truth is that the fault lies not so much in the box as in those network chiefs who see TV as a plug-in drug. Once in a while evidence surfaces showing that what drugs us are unexamined clichés.

I have in mind a fascinating audience survey conducted by ABC Television before, during, and after the broadcast this past February of *Roots: The Next Generations*. Most such studies gauge the size and demographic nature of a program's audience. In this instance, and to its credit, ABC sought to answer the more vital question: Why did so many Americans watch *Roots II* and what did they get out of it?

"Interestingly," asserts the ABC study, "we found no racial differences among the reasons respondents gave for wanting to watch the series. Both whites and blacks alike reported that they intended to watch (1) to learn about black history, (2) to watch a program based on real life, and (3) to be entertained."

One out of four of those questioned said that they had adjusted their viewing habits to see successive installments of the seven-part series, and a majority of the sample watched the programs with family or friends. The study found that 55 percent of the sample agreed *Roots* "was the kind of show I just *had* to talk about." Two out of three viewers reported family discussions concerning the central issues raised by the series, and nearly a third said they had also discussed the show with fellow workers.

These findings speak volumes about the enormous potential of fact-based dramatizations, and give the lie to the assumption that a mass audience will tune out a program that deals provocatively with uncomfortable social realities. To the contrary, many viewers turned to *Roots* precisely because it *was* different from normal prime-time diversion, knowing it would be what the trade calls a downer. Of 540 whites questioned, 70 percent said that *Roots* made them sad, 20.9 percent remarked on feeling guilty, 30 percent felt uncomfortable, and 70.2 percent felt angry seeing what black people suffered. No preset answers were offered for this response; viewers were asked to volunteer their feelings to an open-ended question.

Georg Stanford Brown as Harvey, who found it takes more than a war to make a man free.

At the same time, the very impact of *Roots* underscores the need for careful labeling of that slippery TV form, the docudrama. I wonder, for example, if most viewers were aware of the dramatic reordering of key episodes that focused on Alex Haley himself. (For instance, Haley's meeting with his father at Kennedy Airport never happened.)

What lends weight to these findings is the thoroughly professional methodology employed by ABC's research unit. Questions were prepared by Dr. Alan Wurtzel and Ellen Franklin Wurtzel, who came to the network from the University of Georgia's School of Journalism, consulting with a ranking academic, Professor Stuart Surlin, of the same school. An independent polling group put together a pretest sample of 2,006 persons of whom 1,506 saw the show and were re-interviewed immediately following the broadcast of the series. There is of course a risk in all such surveys that respondents will mask their true beliefs and supply a socially approved opinion, but according to Wurtzel, those who hated the second *Roots* were forthright in saying so.

To my knowledge, no similar studies have been carried out by the networks, and little hard data about audience response to specific broadcasts exist. It would be interesting to know, for instance, how many viewers take as literal truth the events shown in docudramas about Lee Harvey Oswald, the Entebbe raid, or in the Holocaust.

In the case of *Roots*, 59 percent of those asked said an understanding of black experience and history was the most important thing they got out of watching. One out of five viewers remarked that the series changed what they knew about black history. Plainly, many viewers saw *Roots* as a form of informational programming, with an assumed factual accuracy.

After seeing the series, I was troubled to learn that certain episodes in Haley's life were history-as-it-might-have-been. No doubt the motives for such dramatic license were wholly benign, but it cannot be said that the viewer was adequately alerted to the liberties taken.

In columns past, I have deplored docudramas as a form, and on balance, I think my indignation was perhaps too strong. It is now evident that a skillful historical dramatization can attract an enormous audience for programs that deal seriously with large social and political themes. For better or worse, the docudrama has established itself as a popular innovation; at its best, as in *Roots*, it is demonstrably effective in involving viewers in a real-life struggle for a more compassionate society.

But if the form is not to be discredited every care must be taken to forewarn viewers about the extent of dramatic invention. Just as we are told in news programs that "portions of this show have been pre-recorded," so we have a right to be told that "details of Alex Haley's life have been changed for dramatic purposes," or words to that effect. If we had any doubts about the persuasive powers of the box, the ABC survey on *Roots* has surely dispelled them.

—KARL E. MEYER

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Campus Unrest

ARE COLLEGE campuses developing the next phase of this century's great dance explosion? From what I recently saw at the University of Oklahoma in the little town of Norman, that just might be the case. From April 25 to May 25 of this year a modest ballet company gave world premiere performances of an important new ballet. *Bodas de Sangre* (Blood Wedding), based on the play by Federico Garcia Lorca, had a specially commissioned score by the distinguished composer, Carlos Surinach, and choreography by Miguel Terekhov, director of the University of Oklahoma Ballet and chairman of the university's department of dance. The result was a ballet that would add distinction to the repertory of any professional troupe.

But this trend did not gain momentum overnight. More than 60 years ago, Dr. Margaret H'Doubler, then a professor at the University of Wisconsin, came up with the idea of college dance clubs that she dubbed "Orchesis." Shortly thereafter, H'Doubler succeeded in having dance recognized as a field of major study at the same school.

In H'Doubler's most active years—now retired, she is 90 years of age—dance in many colleges was administered by departments of physical education and the only technique offered was modern dance, augmented with folk-dance activities. In fact, it is only lately that dance has moved from college gymnasiums to theaters.

Most American dancers, choreographers, and dance educators owe their entree to either H'Doubler or to Martha Hill. Hill—director of dance at Bennington College in its formative years, co-founder of the historic Bennington Dance Festival and its successor, the American Dance Festival—now heads the department of dance at the Juilliard School in New York City. A salute, then, to these great ladies.

I would salute also a later artist, Alma Hawkins, until recently director of dance at the University of California at Los Angeles, which boasts what is probably the biggest dance department of any college in the world. In an interview for *SR* in the fall of 1968, Hawkins told me, "I feel strongly that a university campus—with all its facilities for study, rehearsing, workshops, and performing—is destined to be the center for American dance companies."

BILL WILLIAMS

Bustillo and Fuente as the two lovers.

UCLA has offered classes in ballet as well as modern dance (and many ethnic dance forms) for many years, but ballet's first campus rooting of significance came much earlier. In 1951, Willam Christensen, not a college professor but a professional ballet dancer, was invited by the University of Utah to establish a ballet department on the Salt Lake City campus. (An excellent modern dance department, under Elizabeth Hayes, was already flourishing there.) From Christensen's campus ballet classes emerged the Utah Civic Ballet, which, under his guidance, metamorphosed into one of the nation's best dance companies. Now called Ballet West, it is directed by Bruce Marks.

Pioneering accomplishments like these have made possible the strikingly creative production of *Bodas de Sangre*, which was staged in the new, beautifully equipped 600-seat Rupel J. Jones Theater on campus. Assisting the University of Oklahoma Ballet were the college's school of music and the department of drama. Heading the cast as guest artists were Luis Fuente, an expert in Spanish dance as well as in ballet and a former principal with the Joffrey Ballet, and his wife, Zelma Bustillo, also a onetime Joffreyite.

The four-scene *Bodas de Sangre* opens with a prologue, a tableau that serves as a brilliant pictorial statement of two divided houses. The arena of tragedy suggests a bullring. The bride's worker-class female relatives sit on a raised platform stage-right; the ladies of the groom's family sit opposite on similar bleachers. Both groups flutter, rattle, or freeze their fans as they watch. The peasant men in brown are standing stage-level near their women; the elegant señores, in black, are placed close by the ladies. The bride, stage center, sits unmoving but perhaps fearful under a huge cross. The bridegroom is present but so also is his rival, a sensualist who loves the bride-to-be. As the two groups look on, the cause of the original family feud, a murder, is re-enacted. The figure of death also watches the performance. From this prologue, rich in that Spanish, or flamenco, mood of *duende*, the inevitability of fate, the story moves through the betrothal to the wedding to the flight of the bride with her illicit lover to the capture and the fatal duel between the groom and the seducer.

Movement in this production—imaginative, technically felicitous, and theatrically powerful—fuses Spanish dance movements and the virtuosic steps of classical ballet. The movements are further brought together by Surinach's hypnotic, remarkably integrated score. Indeed, the music itself is choreographic.

Perhaps even more remarkable, however, was the fact that the dancers—with the exception of Fuente, Bustillo, and Ko Yukihiro (head of the modern dance faculty at the university) in the role of Death—were all students.

But the key to the astonishing success of this collegiate production may be Miguel Terekhov himself, a near-clandestine choreographer as far as the professional ballet world is concerned. He is accomplishing Hawkins's dream of a decade earlier. He is not simply a teacher, he is a professional man of the theater. Both he and his wife, Yvonne Chouteau, were principal dancers with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. When they settled in Oklahoma City, Chouteau's home, in the 1960s, they established a regional ballet company of distinction, but it has been in their subsequent association with the University of Oklahoma that they have been able to fulfill their dream.

Their efforts—and those of other regions and heritages—are the choreographic food nurturing the dance of tomorrow. —WALTER TERRY

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Pigozzi & Friends

Neil Simon and Pigozzi, London, 1977

Julie Christie and Pigozzi, L.A., 1977.

THE LOVE AFFAIR between photography and fame could hardly be more torrid and tireless. The two sweethearts seem to have been made for each other. Starting almost with the invention of the camera, the heroes and heroines of culture offered up their photogenic corpi for the delectation of a public quickly growing fond of the precise prying of the lens. Luminaries, and those who used light to capture and enhance them, began their long adoring minuet. Thus, Julia Margaret Cameron made heroic portraits of Carlyle and Tennyson; Nadar photographed Baudelaire (who professed to hate the new, crass medium), Sarah Bernhardt, and almost everyone else who was anyone in Paris during the 1850s and 60s; and Mathew Brady and Co. lionized Union generals, however well or badly they were doing at war, and turned photogenic Abe Lincoln into the prototypical media-conscious politician.

The list of photographers who have hankered after famous faces, and vice versa, is long and—to be fair—honorable enough. The goal, creation of popular icons, hasn't changed much, but the style has undergone seismic shifts necessary to adjust to the drastic changes in the nature of celebrity itself.

Time, in our time, is mercilessly compressed, and celebrity has adapted to the speed at which we live by sinking shallower roots. In a fast, forgetful environment (desert, some say) those survive best who make their move quickly; the problem is that like most weeds, they may only last a season. There is about, say, Cheryl Tiegs a fast-food feeling, empty calories, thrills cheap and brief, however keen. She just can't be photographed like Marlene Dietrich or Rita Hayworth; somehow the gravity of glamorous lighting and a careful pose isn't natural or enduring. Ditto Warren Beatty and Burt Reynolds and all the rest of the *People*-style pantheon. The studious concentration of a Penn, or the stark curiosity of an Avedon, or even the slick beautification of a Scavullo fit badly, like fancy dress on adolescents. Celebrities these days simply can't be made monumental; they are best snapped and held for a split second in their brief passage through our crowded fields of vision. Photographing them is best done by insiders.

Enter an unheralded photographer, Jean C. Pigozzi (with a slightly pudgy but agile stag leap, stage left)—Italian-born, French-raised, Harvard-educated hobnobber with all the hot somebodies. His brash pictures, exhibited recently at Manhattan's Light Gallery and published in *Pigozzi's Journal of the Seventies* (Doubleday/Dolphin), indicate that he knows not only how best to photograph the current creatures of waking dreams, but how to expose the diaphonous polyester fabric of modern fame itself. At first glance, Pigozzi would seem to be just another paparazzi, one of the legion of bobbing, weaving desperados who, armed with Nikons and Minoltas, fill the air of public and private functions with the anxious lightning of their strobes. His pictures have the glaring, artless, shot-on-the-run, spastically inquisitive quality typical of gossip photography. They seem surely to be pictures that you or I or anybody could have taken.

Except that Pigozzi was there... everywhere, constantly, energetically adrift in that semimonde of rare birds who are often only celebrities to other celebrities. And he was at home with them. His are not stolen pictures, like those of Ron Galella. They are family pictures taken by a pushy young cousin at a perpetual party. The unlovely paparazzi style is adopted, not an invention of necessity. Pigozzi seems to have been Everywhere that is Anywhere; the effect of his sleek snaps brought back from Paris, Antibes, the Nile, Mustique, L.A., Venice, Budrum, St. Tropez, Amagansett, Central Park, and Forest Lawn (to name just a few of his landing zones) makes it seem as if Pigozzi must have arrived, loaded film, found the action, shot a few rolls of pictures, checked watch, calendar, and the latest issue of WWD, and then headed back to the airport.

Pigozzi's show (the opening of which was generously flavored with the presence of celebrities) and to a greater extent his funny, sardonic book, have been choreographed cleverly to the frenetic syncopations of our age. The checkpoints are time (as onrushing and graceless as the blinks of a digital readout), date, place, material (limos, Warren Beatty's genuine "Paris" Cartier watch, Ahmet Ertegün's shoes from Lobb in Paris), and faces, famous and/or momentarily crucial to the Great Celebration. Life, in Pigozzi's pictures, is at high speed—frequently on speed—with a few seconds here and there set aside to eat a Sara Lee chocolate cake, lie on the deck of a yacht with Bianca Jagger, drag a neurotic poodle toward the curb, and talk on the phone to well-known friends at the

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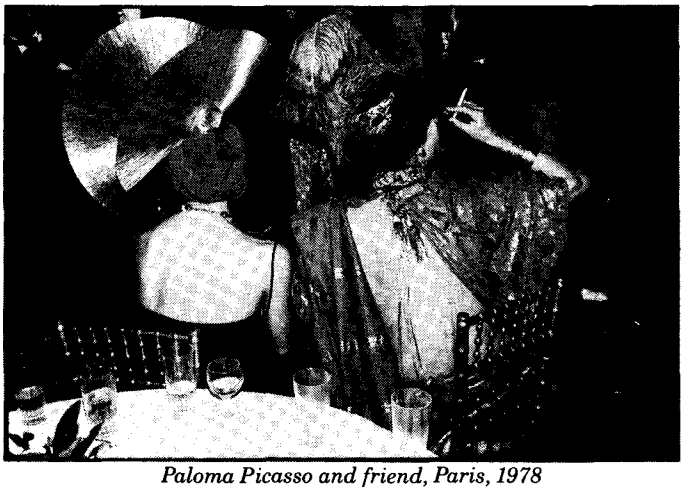
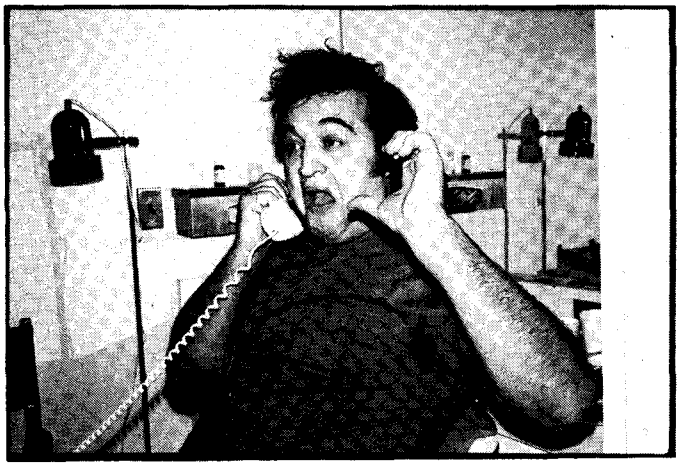
Fellini, Rome, 1975.

Bianca and Mick Jagger, L.A., 1975.



Paloma Picasso and friend, Paris, 1978



John Belushi, New York, 1978.

Cannes Festival. It isn't reality—after all, even such an *eminence blanc* as Andy Warhol faces mundane eventualities like going to the dentist—but a perfect photographic reality created by the camera and filled with characters.

For some reason nomadic movement is essential to the new celebrity style, and the entropy of such an existence erodes those who live it. Even when they are smiling for Pigozzi's camera, some of his subjects give the feeling that any second they may disintegrate. Seven particularly telling pictures, under the heading of "Hotel Rooms," document a kind of exhausted winding down with wonderful, artistic economy of imagery. Through the photographer's recumbent legs we see the impersonality of hotel rooms, and, in each picture, a different woman more or less warming the place up. The captions bounce us (and Pigozzi) back and forth between New York and Los Angeles like a windup toy. Girls bring in the morning papers, wander out of the shower, zip up their jeans, slouch sleeplessly on the edge of the bed. The scene shifts, yet stays the same. In the last two pictures of the series Pigozzi's legs frame not live women, but the televised images of Farrah Fawcett and, finally, the late Margaret Mead.

Yet the lapses into such world weariness are few. This is not heavy philosophy, it is mostly fun. Pigozzi is not throwing harsh light on his friends and their rites to make them seem foolish or vulnerable but because he is star-struck, like them and us, and he's having a wonderful time. All the time, however, he knows what's up, and he makes his point. Perhaps nothing epitomizes the state of ourselves and of our stars quite so well as scores of pictures Pigozzi has made in which he appears cheek to cheek with Julie Christie, Neil Simon, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Marisa Berenson, David Hockney, Ringo Starr, Art Garfunkel, Timothy Leary, Carl Bernstein, the doorman at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Candice Bergen, and so on. There, with his placid, pleasant moon face, is Everyfan, cavorting with the Beautiful People. But it is he—and we—who are the constant, and the celebrities who appear and disappear with no more lasting effect than pop-up targets at a fun-house gallery.

Indefatigable and observant as he appears to be, Jean Pigozzi is no Proust, and his journal is no *Remembrance of Things Past.* He is just one of the gang, with a good eye and an importunate way and a sense of where we are. The pictures flash past like the ephemeral souls who fill them. But there is reason to look, since in one way or another Pigozzi's Seventies are ours, too.

—Owen Edwards

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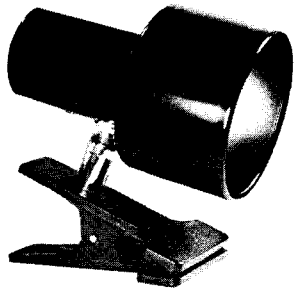
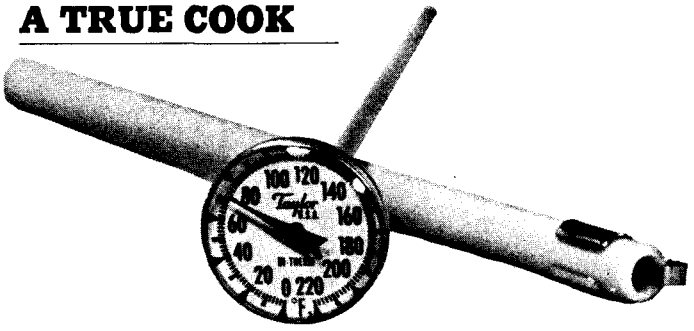
CLOTHESPIN LIGHTING



Getting light just where you want it can sometimes be a problem. Here's a clever solution: lights mounted on strong spring clips that grab on anywhere there is an edge to grip. These lights are a snap to attach and easy to move. They are ideal for reading in bed or for illuminating those difficult out-of-the-way places like steps, closets, desk corners, pictures, plants, countertops and other spots you'll be glad to rediscover. The clip light uses bulbs up to 75 watts. Its design is crisp and contemporary looking—almost like a track-light fixture, though of course its much more flexible. There is a choice of color: white, brown black or yellow. We can send clip lights for $13.50 apiece. (A-31)

Big Bird. Proportionate to their size and weight, birds are 75% stronger than people.

THE BADGE OF A TRUE COOK



A conventional meat thermometer has several drawbacks. To start with, you can forget to put it in. Once in, it leaves a big hole in your roast when you remove it and the juices run out and dry the meat. It is next to useless for cooking outdoors or spit roasting over charcoal because it protrudes too much. And if you're not careful removing it, you can get a nasty burn. One would think that thousands of years of human cookery would have produced a better solution. It has, though professional chefs have been keeping the secret to themselves. It's called a cook's thermometer and is made by Taylor Instruments for Hoan Products Ltd. It's available for all kinds of duties, giving very accurate readings almost instantly (10-15 seconds). Pop it into a sauce that should be kept just below boiling, or into warming milk, or into a rotisserie roast, and you know exactly where you stand. To adopt this badge of professionalism yourself, all you need is a cookbook that gives temperature equivalents for various degrees of doneness (most do, and you'll be surprised how quickly you outgrow the need for the reference). The cook's thermometer has a one-inch dial and a five-inch pointed shaft. It slips into a plastic protector no larger than a ballpoint pen. The price is $14.00 postpaid. (A-34)

DISCOVER SPROUTS THIS SPRING

Home grown sprouts have become exceedingly popular—and not surprisingly, since they offer a healthy, economical and easy way to take advantage of the vegetable kingdom's tender best. They combine great nutrition with crunchy clean flavor. They also are seasoned with a little grow-your-own satisfaction, a rare condiment for city or apartment dwellers. And because you grow them right in your own kitchen, you don't have to worry about pesticide poisoning. We've put together an ideal starter kit if you want to sample these delights. The kit includes three packages of Thompson & Morgan's most popular sprouting seeds in three different mixtures along with a sprouter from the Applewood Seed Company. Each package makes sprouts enough for a couple of salads with plenty left over to put on sandwiches. It's the easiest, cheapest way we've seen to be your own farmer, and the whole process takes only three to six days. We can send everything you need for $7.50. (A-33)

Kite Heaven. According to the U.S. Weather Bureau, Great Falls, Montana is the windiest American city, with an average wind speed of 13.1 mph.

SITTING PRETTY

When was the last time you saw a well-designed, solidly-constructed, good-looking, comfortable chair at an affordable price? We have just stumbled onto such a rarity—and it's portable as well. The Harbour Chair is a sling rocker, an adaptation of a design that goes back to ancient Egyptian times. These rockers are built by a Maine craftsman who cares about the quality of his work (he recently replaced galvanized hardware with brass because it holds better longer). The frames are oak, the slings heavy-duty canvas. The chairs are exceptionally stable, they fold flat for easy transport or storage, they are light enough to carry comfortably, and they are equally at home indoors and out. The nicest part is the price: $45 plus $4.50 for shipping. If you are willing to invest an hour or so sanding, staining, and assembling the rocker yourself, it also comes in kit form for $36 postpaid. When ordering, specify the color canvas sling you want; tangerine, navy blue, yellow, brown, forest green or natural. Additional slings, if you want spares, are $8.50 each. (A-40)

(Advertisement)

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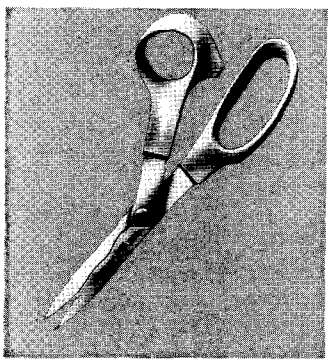
THE BEST CUT OF ALL

Whoever first joined two knives with a swivel pin would be gratified to see the refinement visited upon scissors over the intervening centuries. Today there are scissors for every conceivable use, from mustache trimming to tin snipping. But if we were limited to one pair of scissors, we would choose the utility shears made by Fiskars of Finland. These scissors do just about anything and everything—and do it well. What is unusual about them are funny dipsy-do matching curves in the middle of either blade. These curves turn out to be amazingly effective in providing a grip on whatever you are cutting (and especially anything round that has a tendency to roll down the blade), so the cut is straight and true.



You'll find innumerable uses for these shears, keep three pairs around the house: one for gardening (trimming, pruning, cutting back growths of stubborn ivy), one in the kitchen (mainly for preparing fish or poultry), and one in the desk (for odd jobs from cardboard to hair). These scissors are light (3 oz.) and extremely comfortable to use. They have plastic handles of bright orange that stand out in any cluttered drawer. We can supply the Fiskars utility shears for $10.00 each. (A-38). Be sure to specify right-handed or left-handed. Once you have used them on the twelfth or fifteenth different job, you will understand why these are the largest selling shears in Scandinavia. If you prefer the more traditional 8-inch straight-leg scissors for fabrics, sewing, or paper, Fiskars has them too. We can send those for $10.00 also. Please be sure to specify right-handed or left-handed. (A-39)

A BREEZE FOR TRAVELERS

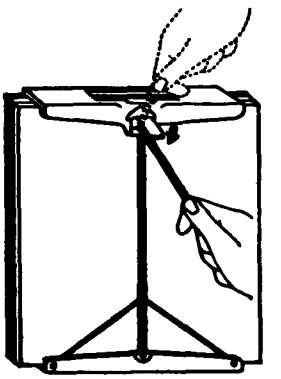
Anyone who has ever had to live out of a suitcase will appreciate this super little compact hair dryer. When folded, it measures only 100mm. square! Yet it has three speeds (1200 watts max, just like larger dryers), a clip-on concentrator, a built-in stand, and a dual voltage setting for switchover to European or South American current. A friend recently told us just how handy a dryer like this can be: he used one to keep warm in an unheated sleeping compartment on a train traveling from Buenos Aires to La Paz. The dryer is made by Clairol and, incidentally, contains none of that health-hazardous asbestos lining you've been reading about. We think it's the most compact, handiest dryer we've seen. We can send you one for $26.50 postpaid. (A-37)

HANDYMAN'S DELIGHT

How many evenings or Saturdays have you started a simple job around the house only to find it took twice as long as you expected because you were always hunting around for the next tool? Well, here's a way to carry everything you need with you—and no danger that the weight of hammers in the back pocket will tug your pants down to your knees. This is the ultimate carpenter's apron: 14 pockets (a good mix of narrow and wide, deep and shallow), plus hammer loops on either side. The bib apron is made of sturdy white canvas and provides ample protection as well as convenience. Yet it costs only $7.00. It's almost as good as having a helper. (A-32)

PICTURE PERFECT

Tools for Living is always on the look-out for quick, attractive economical ways to get pictures framed and hung. Our most recent discovery is the Braquette. This nifty little device consists of two channel clips connected by a nylon cord with a tension spring. You sandwich the picture between a piece of glass or plexiglass and a backing, slip it into the channel clips, pull the cord tight, and instantly you have a stylish, neatly mounted, easily hung photograph or piece of art. Pictures can be changed in a matter of seconds. The Braquette clips fit top and bottom and can accommodate up to 40 inches of height. The clips are available in clear plastic or black, red, yellow, blue, or white. They are $4.50 each. They really make mounting pictures as easy as you always wished it were. (A-36)



Spuds. The American potato crop last year amounted to 93.6 billion potatoes, a record.

THE SPIN IS THE THING

Washing salad greens is usually no problem. Drying them is—unless you don't mind spending 15 minutes blotting piece by piece with yards of paper towels. Yet water ruins salads. It makes the leaves limp, it dilutes the dressing, and it keeps the dressing from coating the greens, so it collects in a pool at the bottom of the bowl. The answer? A little centrifugal force, expertly applied. The water spins right off. The unbreakable plastic salad spinner pictured here does the trick neatly. A slotted inner colander basket holds the lettuce (or berries or shellfish or other difficult-to-dry thing). Slip the colander into the container tub, put on the top, and turn the crank a few times. The water shoots out through the slots and collects in the bottom of the larger container. In no time at small effort with no mess, you have crisp dry greens. Your salad will show the difference buoyantly. The price is $12.00. (A-35)

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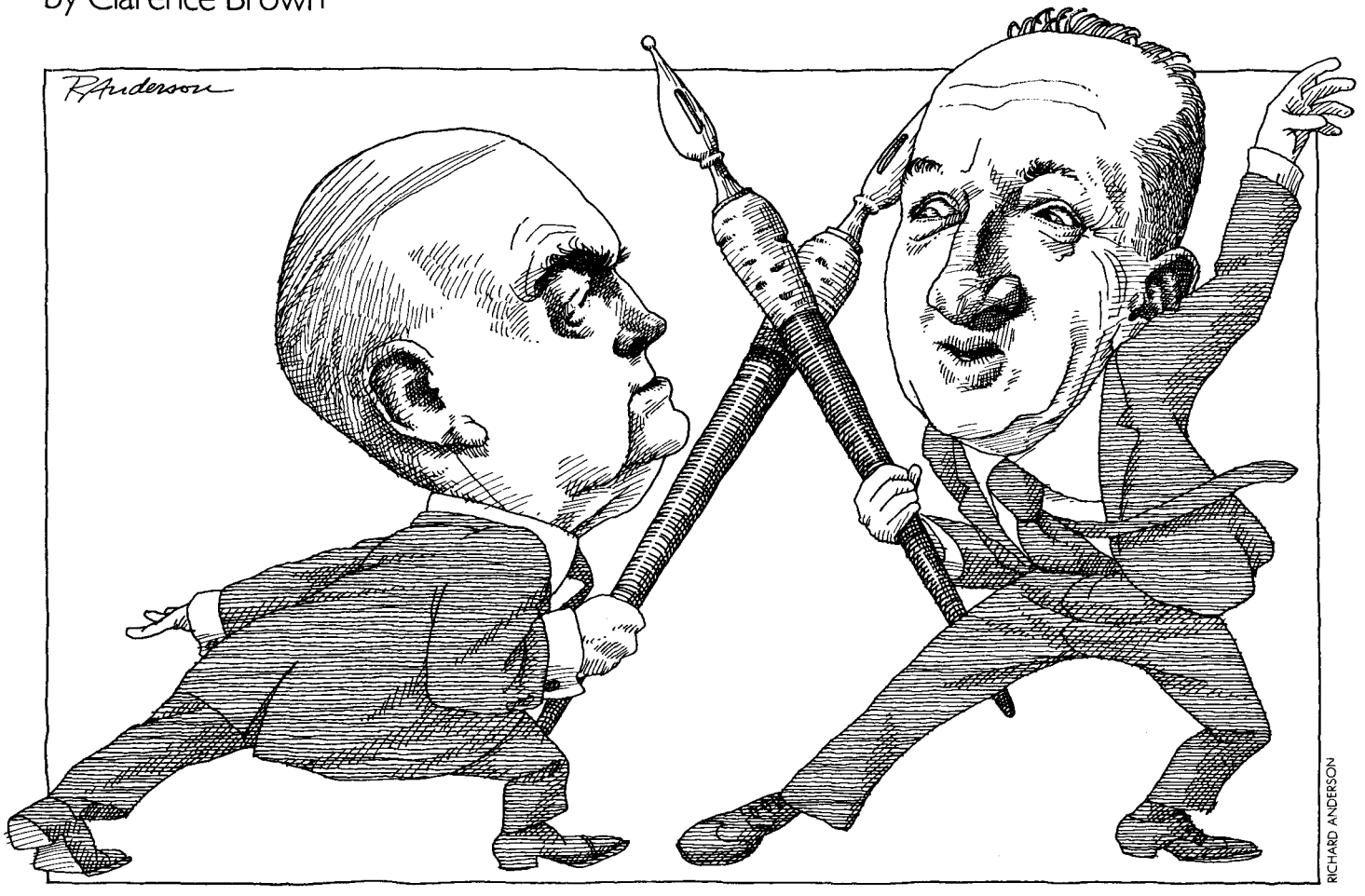
Love-Hate Letters

by Clarence Brown



The Nabokov-Wilson Letters
1940-1971
edited by Simon Karlinsky
Harper & Row, 412 pp., $16.95

WHEN VLADIMIR NABOKOV arrived in the United States in 1940, fleeing from Hitler's Germany as he had earlier fled from Lenin's Russia, he was unknown outside the circle of fellow emigrés, for whom he was "Sirin." Edmund Wilson was not yet the personage that he was to become either, but he was the famous author of the epochal *Axel's Castle* (1931), and literary editor of the *New Republic*. In the first of these letters Nabokov writes to Wilson proposing that they meet. In the second, Wilson, already thanking the Russian writer for his first review in the *New Republic,* reproves him for his excessive punning ("to which I see you have a slight propensity"), and advises him that the expression "I for one" is not precisely in the tone of reviewing ("You ought simply to say *I,* or if you want to emphasize it, *for myself* or *for my part*").

I for one can scarcely believe that this fascinating correspondence lasted for two years, let alone two decades (only four letters date from beyond the Fifties), for there can seldom have been such a record of love-hate. But it more than lasted—it flourished, as did its enormously gifted authors. Wilson grew in stature to become practically a walking university. He introduced to my generation all the major figures of modern literature and was *the* emblematic man of letters. Nabokov, punning incorrigibly and imposing himself as stylist upon a numerous progeny, progressed in his new language from nonentity to world-famous American author.

To the extent that Nabokov owed this spectacular second career to anything other than his own genius, he owed it to Wilson—nothing could be clearer from a reading of these letters. Wilson, who seems to have accepted him as a major writer on almost no evidence at all,

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found literary work for Nabokov everywhere. He was often as strapped as his Russian friend, but he never ceased to recommend him, find publishers for his books, advise him on terms, and seek favorable reviews for everything that Nabokov wrote, however much he himself might disapprove of it. Nabokov, who did not by nature find the expression of gratitude easy, acknowledged his debt to Wilson all his life.

The love in their love-hate relationship is apparent even in the midst of what would appear to be truly sanguinary literary disputes. It seems to have been completely unfeigned and, if one may judge from the last, sad letters, it even survived the crisis that finally silenced them. Nabokov and Wilson, both of them well past the midpoint of life, formed the sort of friendship that is normally possible only in youth, and it is a rare letter that lacks any sign of affection. Not only the two men but also their families were friends. References to warm and joyful weekends and holiday gatherings abound. In 1948 "Volodya" wrote to "Bunny," "You are one of the very few people in the world whom I keenly miss when I do not see them." There is no evidence that this was anything other than the literal truth, and Bunny Wilson reciprocated warmly.

I cannot imagine any explanation other than enduring emotional attachment to account for their even speaking to each other after some of the exchanges. Nabokov was normally as tetchy as a samurai warrior, yet he tolerated from Wilson the following (taken almost at random): "I think that some of those tricks you expound are IN UNSPEAKABLY BAD TASTE [his capitals], but I suppose it is useless to remonstrate." And Wilson suffered himself to be addressed in no less provocative language.

As that last weary clause in his outburst indicates, each came to realize over the years that certain topics were "useless" for further debate. There were at least three of these, and, futile though it was, they argued them incessantly.

The first is highly technical. Wilson, partly inspired by Nabokov, undertook to learn Russian, one of the most difficult of the great modern languages, and, considering that he did so almost unaided and with the comparatively crude textbooks of that day, his success was amazing, though less amazing than has heretofore been thought. These letters are shot through with lines of Cyrillic, and it is a rare contribution from Wilson that is free from error. Very early on, Wilson announces to Nabokov that the metrical practice of Pushkin is, compared to that of Shakespeare, pedantically regular and boring. One imagines Nabokov falling out of his chair at this intelligence, for the truth is that few writers in the world have ever approached Pushkin's mastery of the music of verse. Nabokov's reply is practically a treatise on the science of Russian versification. It must have been the labor of days, takes up some nine pages in this book, and is replete with charts and diagrams. A rough paraphrase of Wilson's answer would begin, "Be that as it may, I still think...." It is only after years of intermittent and utterly sterile debate on this topic that Wilson finally learns a tiny fact about Russian which had unaccountably escaped him: No Russian word, however long, has more than one accent. Nabokov's exhausting and exhaustive attempt to explain things was naturally predicated upon Wilson's knowing what most students learn in their first lesson. It is as though Einstein had sat up all night discoursing on relativity to an unaccountably thick colleague who turned out, in the gray light of dawn, to know many things but *not* that the speed of light is a constant.

Nabokov and Wilson, both of them well past the midpoint of life, formed the sort of friendship that is normally possible only in youth.

There is no such neat explanation for the other two topics on which the two men never agreed. The first was Russian history. Like practically every non-Russian intellectual, Wilson held something like the following crude notion of the matter. Right up to 1917, Russia was a politically inert country of peasants ruled by a despotic monarchy and a class of cruel and besotted landowners. A kindly political genius named Lenin overthrew them and instituted democratic reforms, but a dictator named Stalin undid Lenin's work and imposed a tyranny equally as bad as the first.

One gathers that nothing so poisoned Nabokov's life as the seemingly invincible ignorance of this view, which he encountered everywhere in his new country and to which he incessantly alludes in practically all of his writing. But he could not convince even his cherished friend Wilson that the movement for liberal democracy had been growing in Russia since the mid-19th century, had achieved in 1905 a democratically elected parliament, and had been destroyed in 1917 by an implacably bloodthirsty mass murderer whose precepts, far from being violated by Stalin, formed the basis of his policy.

Finally, Nabokov and Wilson disagreed on a topic that, unlike the first two, is open to some argument—the question of whether, in judging a work of art, the artist's social and economic background ought to be taken into account. Since the affirmative view is the only one permitted today by Soviet authorities and by their intellectual forebears in the 19th century, Nabokov could naturally not hear of it. Wilson, however, regarded the affirmative view as self-evident.

Add to the above obstacles to friendship Wilson's disapprobation of almost all Nabokov's major works, which he forthrightly condemned in these letters but loyally promoted by every means at his command, and you will agree that their mutual affection must have been unshakably based on personal grounds.

If, however, it became impossible to discuss Lenin, Faulkner, Mann, Freud, Malraux, and a host of others, certain cherished intellectual diversions remained—word games, parodies of the style of Conan Doyle, the delectation of the indecencies of Genet, and an almost adolescent zest in testing each other's literary manhood. And there remained always Pushkin. Pushkin, as Karlinsky remarks, was the figure that held them together as Lenin divided them. About Pushkin (his metrics aside) there could be no dispute: He was supreme.

But it was Pushkin who finally divided them forever. Nabokov's 1964 annotated edition of the *Onegin* has always struck me as the culmination not of his scholarly career but of his career *tout court*. Whatever one may think of the translation (a mere fraction of the whole), the four volumes are a masterpiece of the genre that has no other name than "Nabokovian." Wilson savaged it, or so he thought, and this time in public. Nabokov, prefacing his lethal rejoinder with his customary acknowledgment of gratitude to Wilson, proceeded to dismember his erstwhile mentor and still friend. One can only speculate what melancholy demon prompted Wilson, who had once lisped his Russian lessons at Nabokov's knee, to chide the master in a great auditorium and to teach the writer his native language.

A better editor could hardly have been found. Simon Karlinsky resembles Nabokov in being more or less equally poised between Russian and Anglo-American culture, so it is asking too much that he should be totally impartial. But he is as impartial as possible, and, for all his attempt to remain invisible, his splendid introduction and his indispensable notes make him a valuable third presence in this enthralling book.

In addition to being SR's *cartoon editor, Clarence Brown is a professor of Comparative Literature at Princeton University and the author of* Mandelstam *(1973), among other books.*

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A Life of Taste

Bernard Berenson: The Making of a Connoisseur
by Ernest Samuels
Belknap/Harvard University Press
477 pp., $15

Reviewed by James R. Mellow

ONCE UNASSAILABLE, the reputation of Bernard Berenson, the man who turned Italian Renaissance art into a growth industry, seems to be in some jeopardy. Through hard work, ambition, a keen eye, and an exacting taste, Berenson made himself the supreme authority on his subject—that confusion of masterpieces, mistaken identities, copies, and forgeries that passed for Renaissance art when he began his professional career in the late 19th century.

His indefatigable energy, his discoveries of minor and major works hidden away in provincial museums and churches, his ever-expanding file of photographic reproductions enabled him to bring order into chaos. Millionaires consulted him—and paid hefty fees for his "advice." His expertise brought him fame and wealth. His rankling self-assurance also made a good many enemies among dealers, museum directors, and collectors who found that a prized Bellini could be demoted to the work of a follower, or a cherished Giorgione reduced to a third-rate copy overnight.

Connoisseurship—like personal taste—is insubstantial ground on which to erect a permanent reputation. Berenson himself was the first to admit that he worked in "quicksand." Paintings he had once confidently assigned to Perugino or Pier Francesco Fiorentino he later found necessary to reassign to Lo Spagna, or cautiously upgrade into an early Botticelli.

In his lifetime his attributions were often questioned; since his death, in 1959, the attributions in his once-formidable "lists"—a virtual index of authenticity—have suffered steady erosion. In time, one suspects, the scholarship that brought Berenson his great fame will be swallowed up in the literature of art history; he will become simply another authority in the continuing wars of authentication.

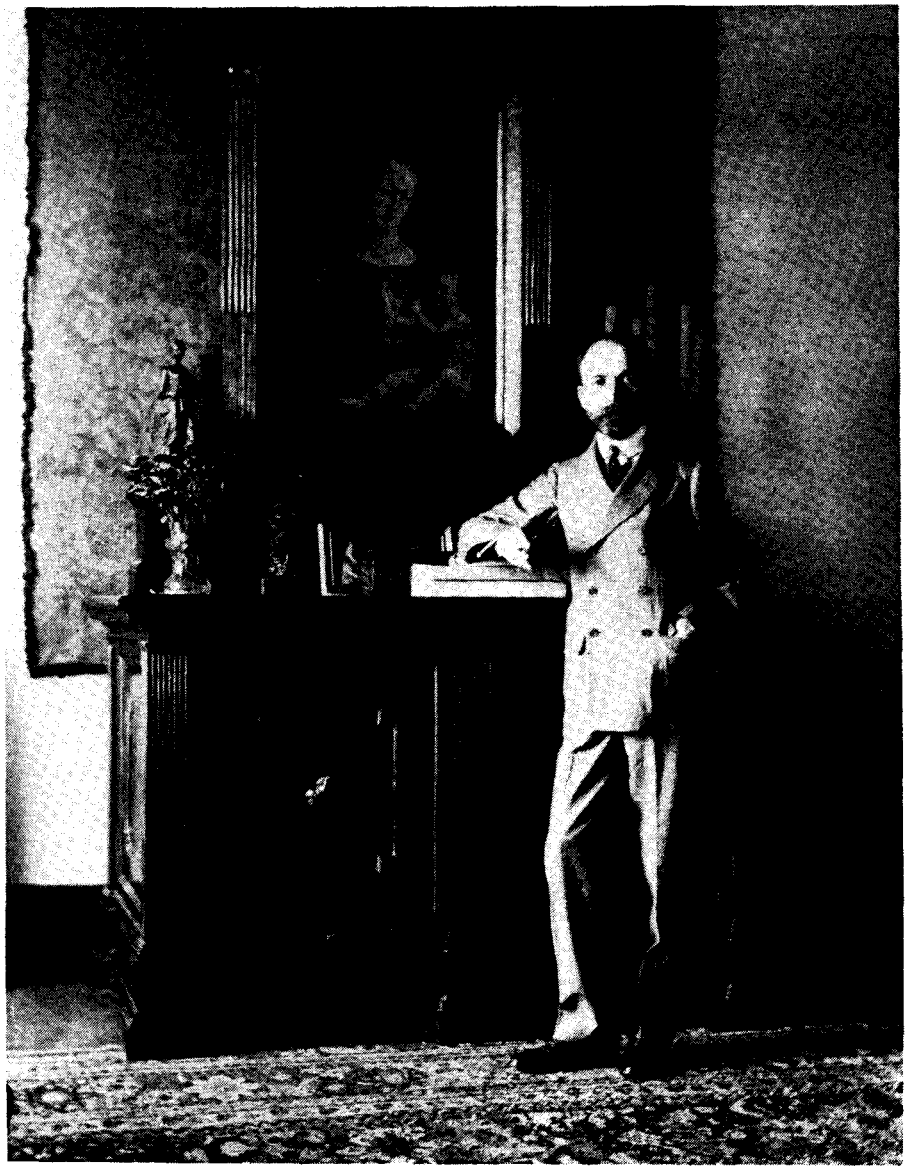
Berenson was a labored, diligent writer. In *Italian Painters of the Renaissance* and *Aesthetics and History* he distilled the knowledge and experience of a lifetime of looking at art. Yet, reading them now, one finds there is less there than meets the eye. Taste, discrimination, charming passages, sharp opinions certainly, but little that is profound or profoundly moving. In *Italian Painters*, he writes: "Leonardo and Botticelli, like Michelangelo after them, found imitators but not successors." Such statements once had the ring of papal pronouncements; Berenson was one of the first to codify the lines of influence in Renaissance art.

Now, aside from its informational value, much of his historical writing seems shallow and pedestrian. He remained, essentially, a 19th-century impressionist in art history. A later generation of scholars—with his encouragement—has far outdistanced him in its command of historical detail and provocative insights.

What will be left of his accomplishments? There are the valuable autobiographical writings and diaries (*Sketch for a Self-Portrait, Rumor and Reflection, The Passionate Sightseer*), the memoirs of friends and enemies, and his villa I Tatti, near Florence, now a center for Renaissance studies. We have the life and the legend, the literature of personality, so to speak. Perhaps justly; Berenson was, and remains, an important and imposing figure in the history of taste.

Ernest Samuels, author of a Pulitzer Prize-winning biography of another elusive cultural figure, Henry Adams, has written a remarkably absorbing and lucid biography of Berenson's early career. The book does full justice to the verve and excitement of Berenson's connoisseurship. Samuels marvelously evokes the heady aestheticism of the Belle Epoque into which Berenson, a Lithuanian-born Jew from an immigrant family, graduated from Harvard as a full-fledged, long-haired devotee of art and beauty and culture.

Bantam-sized, dapper, and handsome, he seemed a magnet for wealth; his first seven years of study abroad were largely sponsored by well-to-do male friends who shared his artistic interests and believed in his genius. Ambitious, rebelling against the puritanism of his Jewish upbringing, he first became an Episcopalian in college, and later—for purely aesthetic reasons—he changed



Bernard Berenson, a 19th-century Impressionist in art history.

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his mind and became a Roman Catholic.

The latter faith lasted only a few months; the Church became an inconvenience in the conduct of his liaison with Mary Costelloe, the wife of an Irish barrister and a soured Catholic-convert herself. (An emancipated American of Quaker parentage who could punctuate a letter with a boyish "Yahoo!," Mary shared Berenson's passionate commitment to art.)

Deserting her husband and children, she trailed after Berenson like a satellite. They explored Italy together and scoured the European museums, reidentifying the works of the Italian masters. As an art critic (her professional name was Mary Logan), Costelloe rigorously puffed Berenson's reputation and his writings.

Samuels does not balk at examining some of the self-serving and shadier incidents of Berenson's success story. He describes a perfect Walrus-and-Carpenter episode that involved Isabella Stewart Gardner, Berenson's flamboyant early patron, who was furnishing her own monument to her privileged tastes—her museum in Boston's Fenway.

When Mrs. Gardner wrote Berenson about her husband's growing suspicions that she was paying more than necessary for her acquisitions, Berenson—not always candid about his part-ownership of the artworks he sold her—fell apart. He cried that he was ruined, suffered from dyspepsia, and was full of remorse. Mary coldly advised him to bring in another dealer (for a reasonable fee) who could be used as the explanation for the overcharges.

When the problem arose again over a pair of coveted Holbeins, Mary, in her chaste Quaker idiom, consoled her nervous husband: "Even if thee give back to Mrs. G. all that thee took from the Rubens, the Velasquez, and the Peselinos, thee will still have enough to keep thy family considerably." (Mary never overlooked the brighter side of any proposition.) Berenson, who complained of the sordid nature of the art trade, was one of those fortunate, fastidious men surrounded by admiring women willing to do everything necessary to keep a hero on his pedestal.

Berenson had a reputation for being a social climber; a necessity, almost, for gaining access to highly salable masterpieces in private collections. Nor did Berenson's politics, early in life, bear very careful scrutiny. At the height of the Dreyfus affair, he could enjoy himself at "grand dinners" and costume balls in St. Moritz, the guest of wealthy hosts who made blatantly anti-Semitic remarks while he listened and held his tongue. Mary chastised him, writing that his Jewish friends "thought thy motive was to 'get in' with those swells." At that stage of his career, evidently, Berenson's social and political convictions ran no deeper than a dinner plate.

There is no question, however, about his absolute, unswerving commitment to Italian Renaissance art—or to Italy, where he was to remain, courageously, throughout World War II and the Nazi occupation. But that is a later story, presumably to be covered in a second volume. In the meantime, the first half of a fascinating life reads like a loose and baggy version of a Henry James novel—a story of big money, international society, adulterous affairs.

James R. Mellow, author of Charmed Circle: Gertrude Stein & Company, *has completed work on a biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne, which will be published this fall.*

FRANK HERRMAN

Myles and Pye—Discriminating auteurists.

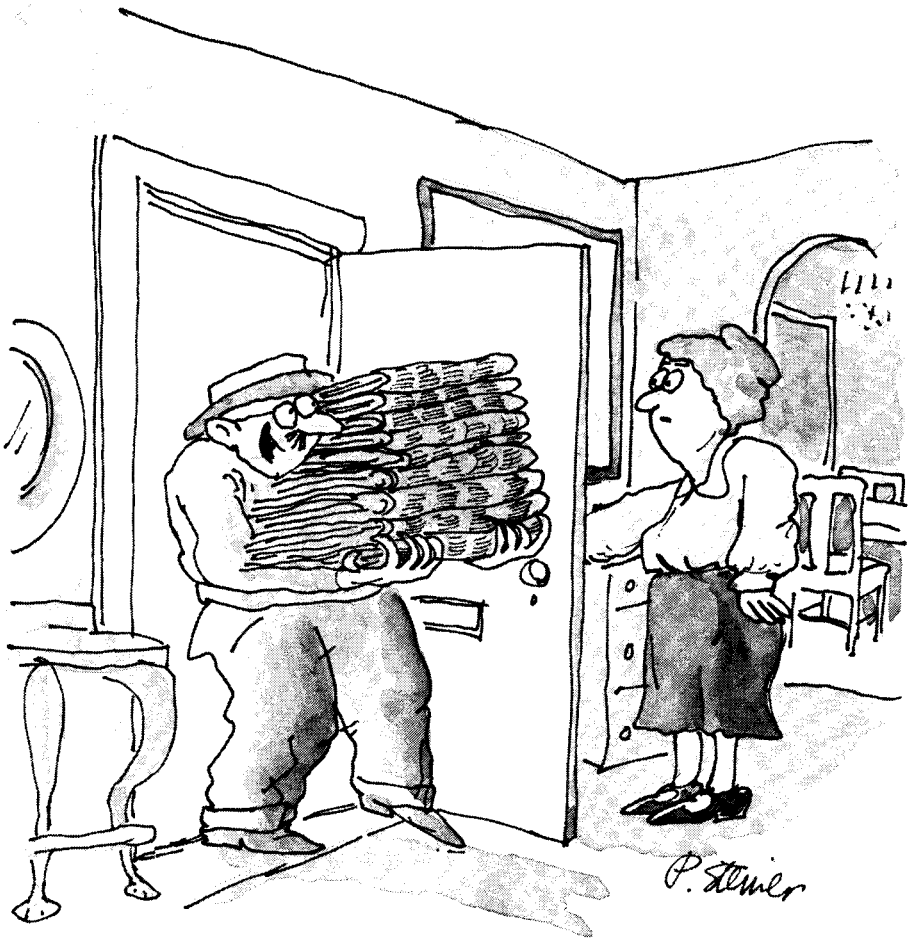
Brat Control

The Movie Brats: How the Film Generation Took Over Hollywood
by Michael Pye and Lynda Myles
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 288 pp., $12.95 cloth, $5.95 paper

Reviewed by Robert F. Moss

"I'M NOT SURE FILM is an art form," said Lionel Trilling one day in a seminar at Columbia University. "Certainly most film scholarship is hardly worthy of the name." Indeed, to anyone trained in an orthodox academic discipline, film studies is apt to look like a primitive outpost of intellectual activity, a mining camp of critical anarchy and wild-eyed artistic judgments. There are marvelous exceptions of course, but even allowing for them, most film criticism is a do-it-yourself undertaking in which the critic remolds the films of his favorite directors closer to his heart's desire, investing jaunty melodramas and cowboy epics with some hidden motifs and subterranean profundities that would never have occurred to the directors themselves.

It is through this process that Howard Hawks and John Ford can become ar-



"I'm laying in a supply of the Times *in case there's another newspaper strike."*

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chaeologists of our national heritage, George Stevens can emerge as a social observor of Balzacian prowess, and Alfred Hitchcock can be transformed into a brooding specialist in Catholic guilt.

Such doubts about the validity of film scholarship surface frequently in reading *The Movie Brats: How the Film Generation Took Over Hollywood*, a short but ambitious study of six young American film directors: Francis Coppola, Martin Scorsese, John Milius, George Lucas, Brian DePalma, and Steven Spielberg. Co-authored by two English film critics, Michael Pye and Lynda Myles, the work attempts to summarize the deterioration of the American film industry in the Fifties and Sixties as a prologue to analyzing the lives and careers of the "movie brats," each of whom is accommodated by a full chapter. With true movieland hyperbole these filmmakers are anointed as "the men, who, at the end of 1977, stood unchallenged as the powers within a new Hollywood." The volume is diligently researched, and it incorporates biographies, interviews, and critiques of every relevant film.

Pye and Myles begin inauspiciously with a good deal of vaporous sociologizing about the role of suburbia in postwar America, most of it siphoned off from the monographs of Margaret Mead. Turning to the film business, however, they perform an excellent autopsy on the old Hollywood, discovering that the cause of death was as much a matter of suicidal monetary policies as of competition from television and federal antitrust action, the conclusion of the conventional postmortems. Surveying the American films of the period 1948-70, the authors shake their heads disbelievingly over extravagant follies like the $18 million *Doctor Dolittle*, while hailing the B-movie success of Roger Corman, whose crass, low-budget instincts led him to Hollywood's salvation: the youth market.

Once the authors' frame of reference is established, the parade of profiles commences, with Coppola, the senior "brat," at its head. The six young Turks are linked to one another by similarities of background, training, and cinematic philosophy, and by personal association. All of them are serious students of film history, and, apart from Spielberg, all came to the industry via film school. They are representatives of what Pye and Myles refer to as "cineliterate ... the true children of the old Hollywood." Their professional lives are incestuous: Coppola produced Lucas's *American Graffiti*; Milius wrote the first version of Coppola's star-crossed *Apocalypse Now*; Lucas's wife, Marcia, edited two of Scorsese's films.

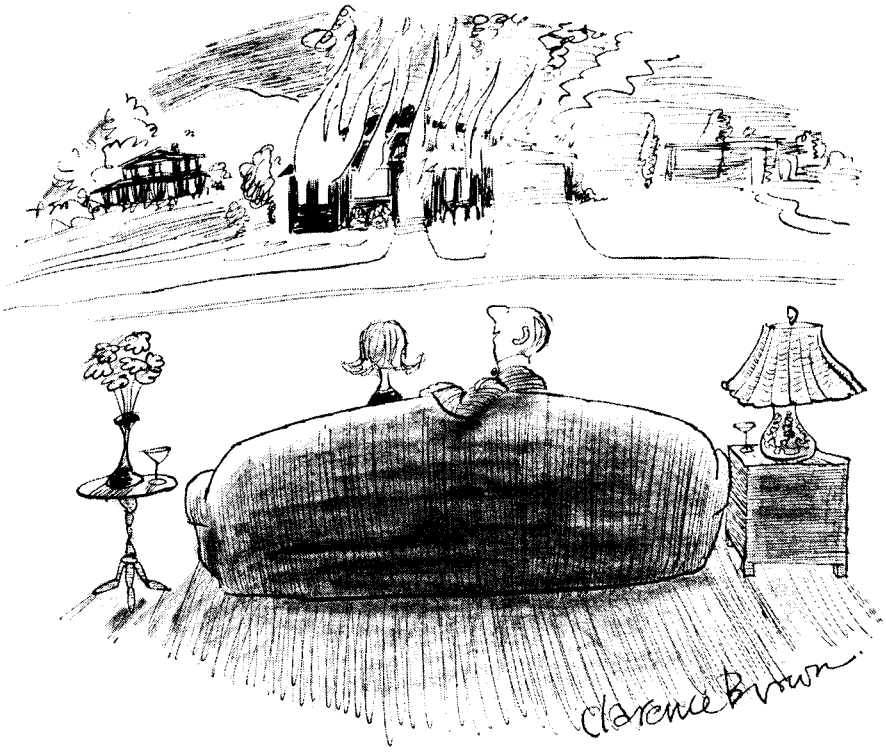
Except for Spielberg, whose success was almost immediate, each of the *enfants terribles* had to fight his way into Hollywood inch by inch. Moreover, the struggle to break in seems to have been equaled only by the struggle to stay, if one can judge by the professional insecurity that even these incumbent geniuses share. The fragility of their position in the film business, played down by Pye and Myles, is actually an important part of the biographical data the authors offer. For example, after the unequivocal failure of *Get to Know Your Rabbit* in 1970, DePalma was practically counted out by the industry. He was not able to wedge himself back in until three years later, when *Sisters* was released. Without it, he says, "I'd have been like 90 percent of the other directors around town, looking for a job." Coppola too found himself on the ropes after the string of failures that preceded *The Godfather*, and the emotional and financial depletions of *Apocalypse Now* may have demolished him all over again.

Unfortunately, like so many film critics, the authors tend to carry their interpretations to an extreme. A simple horror story like *Jaws*, for instance, is forced to disgorge not only human corpses but elaborate Freudian symbolism, while *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, a harmless science-fiction story about blinding white lights and cute little gingerbread men from outer space, is tortured into a philosophical treatise whose purpose is "to encapsulate the death of suburban ideals."

Speaking of encapsulation, the parochialism that marks so much film criticism is also in evidence here. Despite degrees from prestigious English universities, the authors' fund of general knowledge appears to begin and end with film. They enumerate the faults of Lucas's first film, the anti-utopian *THX-1138*, without ever noting the most obvious one: the movie's slavish dependency on *1984*. A lengthy bibliography is appended to the book, but it does not include any of the novels that "the brats" adapted to the screen. After a refreshing caveat about the "essential unreality of assigning authorship to a film," accompanied by a trenchant example from the creation of *Jaws*, Pye and Myles reveal themselves to be almost as director-obsessed as other film scholars, hurrying past the literary sources of films like *The Godfather* and *Carrie*.

On other counts, though, *The Movie Brats* is gratifyingly free of *cinéaste* cant. Although apparently auteurists, Pye and Myles are not prone to the undiscriminating worship of certain key directors. In their generally admiring assessments of Coppola, *et al.*, a reasonable number of brickbats appear amidst the roses, as in their appraisals of Scorsese's *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* and Lucas's *Star Wars*.

Compiling a scorecard on *The Movie Brats* requires more deliberation than would the average literary or musicological study, but of course equity requires that the book be judged in relation to other works on film. In its own domain, it is well above average. Pye and Myles have turned in an informative, hard-working, fairly intel-



"There's something about a fire, isn't there?"

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ligent report on the rise of six directors who are as responsible as anyone in their profession for defining the popular American cinema in our time.

Robert F. Moss has taught English and film at several colleges and, to his chagrin, is the author of two full-length works of film criticism.

Books in Brief

Strange Things Happen Here: Twenty-six Short Stories and a Novel
by Luisa Valenzuela
Translated by Helen Lane
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
220 pp., $9.95

ALTHOUGH STRANGE things also happened in *Clara,* the first collection by Luisa Valenzuela to appear here, the young Argentine writer has taken a gigantic leap of imagination between that book and her new one. Valenzuela's earlier stories seemed to be magic parables—that is, she seemed to provide a key to unlock their meaning. It now appears that she has thrown away her cultural key ring so that she can concentrate more directly on the mysteries of the unconscious.

These are stories written at full throttle. They are not parables but bizarre fragmentary visions of the sort that one might associate with Kafka or Burroughs. The initial 26 stories, some no longer than a page, serve as tantalizing hors d'oeuvres to the novel *He Who Searches.* The "he" doing the searching in this phantasmagoric descent into hell starts out as a fastidious professor of semiotics obsessed with the analysis of a "sacred" prostitute in the slums of Barcelona. His journey, however, follows the supernatural logic of a peyote dream, so that identity and rationality are forever dissolving into pure associative language.

THOMAS VICTOR

Valenzuela, who writes at full throttle.

At one point, Valenzuela invokes the monstrous imagery of Gaudí. Goya too lives in these fantastic accounts of savagery, torture, cannibalism. As with Goya, it's the author's conscience that humanizes her view of man's self-destructive impulses, keeping it on the far side of nihilism.

Strange Things Happen Here has sent me back for another look at *Clara,* as I suspect it will many others. There's something more to Valenzuela's art than just mastery. I think she may be divinely inspired.

—CAROLE COOK

Wild Oats
by Jacob Epstein
Little, Brown 267 pp., $9.95

YOU'D NEVER know it, but hundreds of novels get written by college seniors during that what-next?, loose-ends phase just before and after graduation. Why would you never know it? Because, being for the most part self-dramatizing and self-indulgent disasters, these literary belly-flops don't usually see their way into print.

But there's always an exception—like Jacob Epstein, who managed to emerge from his senior year at Yale with a slight, imperfect, but wisely funny and eminently publishable first novel. And, to Epstein's credit, it's not even about Yale, but about freshman year at Beacham University, a second-rate liberal-arts college in Connecticut, "not a place where students wanted to go, but where they ended up." It's also not about the sort of brilliant freshman that Epstein must have been, but about one Billy Williams, an utterly average fellow who is nonetheless ready to dig in and *learn*; Billy gives his all, for instance, on a first paper for World Lit—a soulful discussion of footwear in the *Iliad* that he calls "The Shoes of the Greeks."

Academics, however, are the least—and the least distinctive—of Billy's comic woes. There's his twice-divorced mother back in Manhattan, living in the dreariest sin imaginable with an oafish would-be politico who is widely rumored to have murdered two previous mates. There's his mellow, Californiaized writer father, who sends Billy spaced-out stories ("Hark! The Pterodactyl!") instead of tuition money. And, above all, there's his dopey infatuation with coed Zizi Zanzibar, for whose pregnant sake (she's the mistress of their desperately publish-or-perish literature prof) Billy is all set to quit school and head West.

This nebbishy Galahad act, which owes rather too much to *The Graduate* and other touchstones of postadolescent

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HERB RITTS

Jacob Epstein, boy wonder.

romanticism, isn't quite enough of a story to parlay Billy's charmingly low-key hysteria (at one point all his friends and relations—plus characters from *The Faerie Queene*—form a conga line in his insomniac fantasies) into shapely, full-length fiction. But never mind. By not trying too hard to be hip, hilarious, or touching, Epstein winds up being all three— in a canny and surprisingly dry novel of modest present pleasures and tremendous future promise.

—JOSH RUBINS

Enterprise
by Jerry Grey
Morrow, 288 pp., $10.95

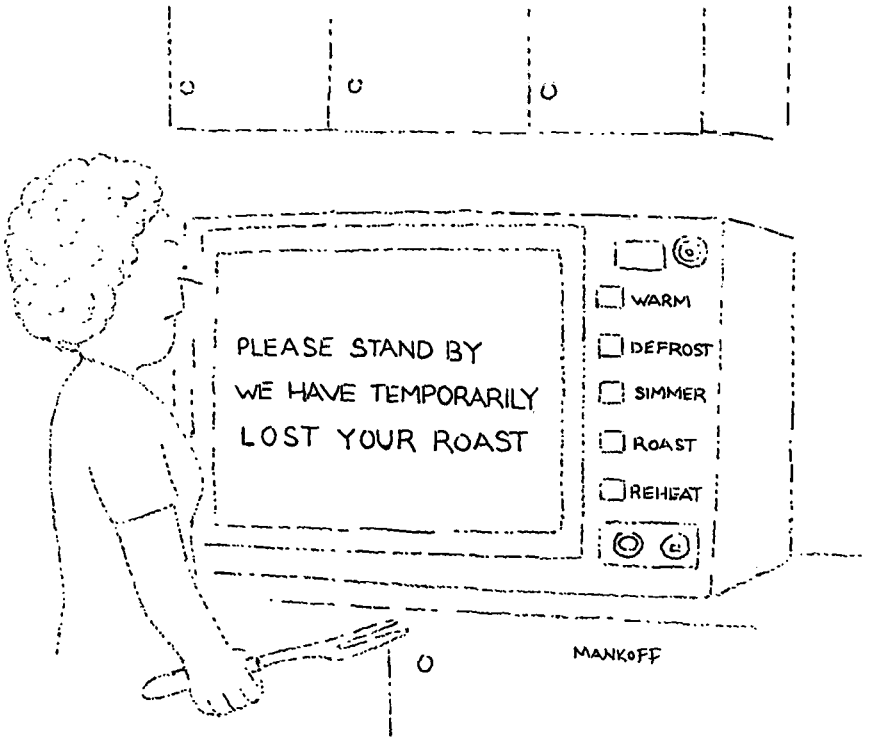
WHO SAYS THE space program is a waste of money? Why, according to Dr. Jerry Grey, in only 25 years we will be enjoying a system of person-to-person communication via satellite. What's more, our handy satellite-powered wristwatch/radio phone will do extra duty as a "voting and polling booth," a compass, a blood-pressure and pulse monitor, a "panic button," a speedometer, a civil defense alarm, and a "self-locater (for use when traveling in unfamiliar territory ...)."

Those who feel neither the desire nor the need for a satellite-powered "self-locater" will surely be skeptical of Grey's contention that space is not only the future home of mankind but an industrial bonanza waiting to happen. Grey, a former professor of aerospace science at Princeton University, has been involved in experimental rocket design since the 1950s and is now Administrator of Public Policy for the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics.

His book is a valuable source of information on the growth of the space shuttle idea and the obstacles NASA has encountered in its efforts to "sell" space—both literally, in the shuttle payload space offered to the private sector, and metaphorically, in NASA's lobbying of Congress. Unfortunately, however, *Enterprise* is an "insider's" account in the narrowest meaning of the word—loyal, uncritical, and laced with anecdotes that will be most revealing to those people who are already familiar with the individuals named.

Grey's evangelistic fervor ultimately gives the lie to his promise that the space program has "grown up." How can one believe that when Grey announces that the space effort has already given the world "the answers to some of their most pressing social problems," or that it is making it possible for us to meet other galactic civilizations as equals? If NASA hopes to win broader public support, then someone will have to come up with more hard-headed arguments than these. In the meantime, fellow taxpayers, how'd you like to buy the world's most expensive wristwatch?

—JOYCE MILTON



My Works and Days: A Personal Chronicle
by Lewis Mumford
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
531 pp., $13.95

LEWIS MUMFORD has lived most of his 83 years near the center of American literary and intellectual culture. The record of those years, given here in reminiscences, letters, random notes, speeches, essays, and scraps of ideas previously published or unpublished, is thus something of a cultural history, as well as the story of a gifted, energetic man who "followed the currents of life where they took me." Those currents carried him along a productive but not untroubled course.

Raised in New York City during what he remembers as an innocent yet vital age, he came to maturity while the concept of progress still reigned in the culture. He embraced this idea and imagined contributing to the onward rush of progress as an engineer. But he became instead an eminent critic of technology and man of letters.

Refusing to lapse into academic specialization, Mumford steadfastly built bridges between science and humanism. He wrote memorably about cities and literature, art and technics, psychological biography and modern politics. And he moved freely among divers friends, such as his mentor, the pioneering urban ecologist, Patrick Geddes; the Harvard psychologist, Henry A. Murray; and the literary critic, Van Wyck Brooks. All that has occupied him—be it his long and happy marriage, his unsettling love affairs, or the fate of civilization—he enfolds in a deeply serious and rich rhetorical style, which has stayed remarkably constant over the years. Though steeped in the earnest and affirming spirit of the century of his birth, and shaken by the bitter political events and ascending technology of the century of his life, he has remained earnest and retained hope.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

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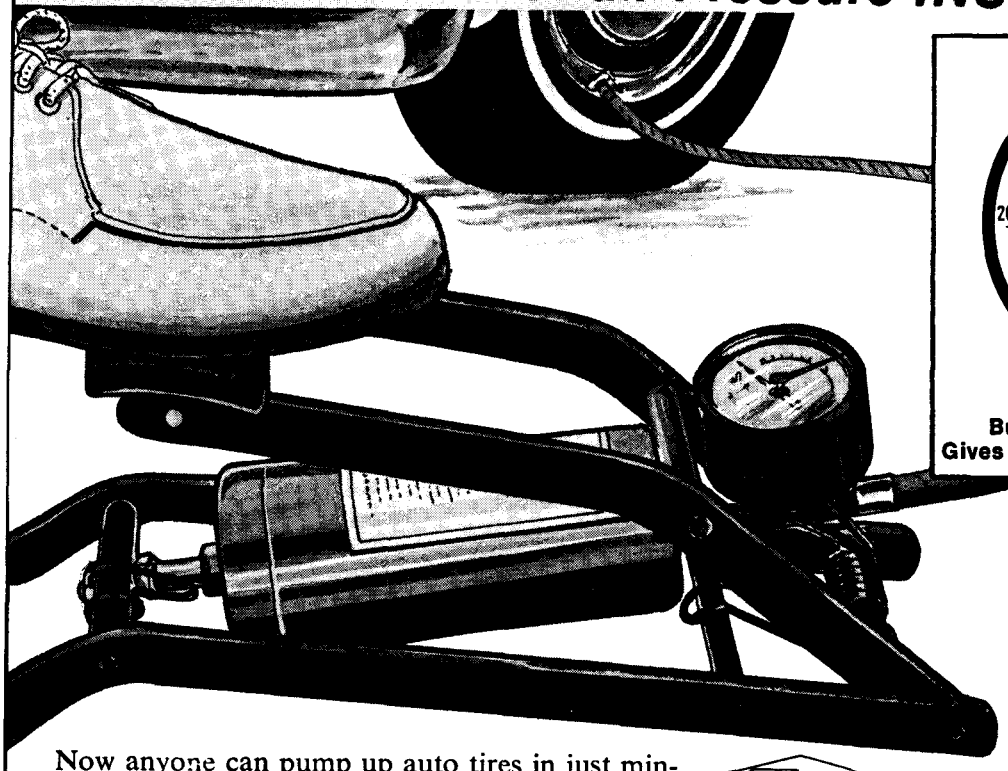

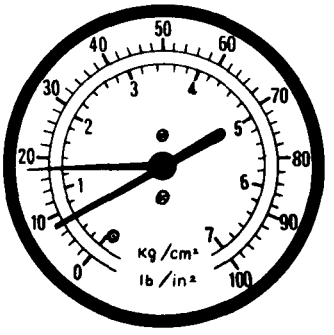

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Paris, Paris!

THE FASTEST WAY out of town in these oil-parched times is to take a seat on the Concorde which I did the other day, leaving the problem of finding the fuel to Air France. The flying Gauls, as far as I could tell, were not encountering the same problem as those motorists in California facing empty tanks and long lines in front of gas stations that could still offer fuel.

I was in my seat at one o'clock by the Eastern Daylight Savings clock the other Monday and, once airborne in that sleek flying tube, I passed a lunch hour—under ordinary circumstances I would have been in a bistro in New York—some 60,000 feet above the Atlantic watching the Mach meter on the forward bulkhead spit green numbers.

When the pilots on the dial-filled flight deck were assured that we were well clear of the coast, one could feel the surge of power as the throttle was pushed to speeds faster than sound. With a detached, we-do-this-everyday efficiency, a squad of hostesses, not in uniform, but in soft, modish gowns designed by Jean Patou, was gliding up and down the line with elegant plates of foie gras and avocado that had been, with great culinary flair, split, then scooped in one dextrous move, the bright green of the avocado turned over to make a domed roof for shrimp that lay sequestered in the hull.

Steak in flight is often no better than grilled briefcase, but the *tournedos* came, grilled, pink, and superb, surrounded by *cèpes,* the crunchy mushrooms so adored by the French. The menu carried a small notice which said that while the meal was planned to fit the traditions of French gastronomy, the cabin service was adjusted to take into account the special aircraft and its performance. By that was meant, I suspect, that the size of the plane required certain limitations whereas the speed of the crossing necessitated a meal that could be served with dispatch.

The Concorde's culinary exercise meets all those limitations with extraordinary finesse. Cheese was omitted; the *gâteau aux cerises* was less than memorable, but all the rest was a lesson to airline commissaries that a heavenly meal can indeed be served so near to heaven, and in limited space at that.

There was scarcely time to read the sections of the Sunday paper I had brought along. We were whistling along at slightly better than Mach 2, or somewhat faster than 1,400 miles an hour when we started to decelerate for the descent into Paris. By some magic of speed and movement of earth, the day had quickly passed into night and lights were twinkling on the land below. When the wheels touched the tarmac at Charles de Gaulle Airport my watch, still on New York time, showed 4:29 P.M. which meant the flight had crossed the Atlantic in a bit less than 3 hours and a half.

'A heavenly meal served so near to heaven and in limited space at that.'

To the businessmen who had spent the short afternoon hunched over their papers, it meant three undisturbed hours, and as well, a full night's sleep before facing a day's labor unfettered by jet lag. As for me, it meant a short night at the Ritz which, after all this time and all those protestations, has been sold to Arab interests. Much of the same personnel is on hand and the hotel retains its starchy, old-money look. There is only the sentiment of some that there is no longer a Ritz at the helm, and those who were the heirs of César Ritz are no longer there.

I arrived in front of its modest doors on the Place Vendôme at about midnight Paris time, which was only six in the evening on my body clock. The problem with the Concorde traveler may be that, like me, he arrives too exhilarated to sleep. After dispatching some friends who had gathered for a midnight greeting in the Ritz bar, I set off on foot down the Rue de Castiglione, turning right under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli that parallels the Tuileries.

Even if one is only on a midnight walk with the dust of Manhattan still on one's shoes, Paris never fails to call up the memories, and on this spring night they came tumbling out of the mind like books spilling off the end of a library shelf from which a bookend has been dislodged. In the shadows across the street stood the Jeu de Paume where I had walked with a daughter a year before on the eve of her university career. In the winter to come she would deal with the masters whose works hung on those walls. And then there was the Crillon and the Place de la Concorde with its monument on the site where Marie Antoinette's guillotine waited to remove her royal head.

Years before I had lodged the progeny at the Crillon when they were small and very wide-eyed. We had come on the *France,* and were fresh from the boat-train from Le Havre, a trip that was passed telling them the story of the French Revolution and the events that had taken place 200 years before on the very cobblestones that would be outside our Crillon window.

We reached our rooms in time that day to take a call from New York that was frequently interrupted by tuggings on the sleeve. "Now, what was so important?" I demanded when I had finally hung up. And they bid me to hurry, for they were eager to rush downstairs to see if there was still blood on the street where the guillotine had stood.

All that came flooding back as I turned in toward Maxim's. The lights were still on, and I poked my head inside to see the last of the evening's celebrants still at table. My eyes turned without conscious direction to the dance floor where I could recall the image of the Duke of Windsor, as I had once beheld him, dancing with his lady from Baltimore, the man who would not be king holding his duchess lightly, his hands on her shoulders.

I crossed to the Faubourg St.-Honoré and stopped to look in the windows of Au Nain Bleu, the splendid toy store where my mother had shopped for presents for me and where I once bought a sailboat for a son who now has a son of his own, taking him off with Buchwald's boy one long-ago Sunday to sail their crafts together on the Tuileries lake.

The night was running on and I came back to the Ritz on the Cambon side to peer through the closed doors of the bar that Hemingway liked to say he had liberated. In the morning I showered away those dusty times using the giant towels that Gobelin could use for tapestries. Then there was a knock on the door and the waiter was there with the morning tray. The pot of inky coffee would add stiffness to the fragility of the soul at this hour, and next to it, the basket of flaky croissants were an assurance that one—whatever the miracles of time and space—was indeed back in Paris in yet another spring.

—Horace Sutton

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OH, CUISINE!

A Touch of Russian Abandon in London

I WAS NOT IN Nikita's on the evening when a glittering party of eight was dining in the small private room. The maître d'hôtel of this catacomb of Russian unrestraint off London's Fulham Road took the group with the silvery voices to have arrived from Mayfair boutiques or pop-music management offices off Tottenham Court Road. He saw to their drinks and re-entered with the menus several minutes later to find them undressed, except for their beads. (He noticed that the women were beautiful.)

The Russian restaurant in Paris has become a kind of cliché. From the stunningly expensive to the revivingly cheap, dozens thrive in the French capital. Whether because of London's far smaller Russian population—half a million "Whites" inhabit Paris—or its lesser ability with food, the notion in Britain is less a cliché than an anomaly.

Nikita's might have appealed to me if only because it is unique in London and because of my fondness for Russian restaurants in general. But I can't be sure of this because the food is distinctive and unusually good.

The cramped basement rooms, with the decor that suggests Kremlin vaults interpreted by Bakst and Benois, were founded by Nick Clark of Nick's Diner, a landmark of swinging London, and Alexander Shihwarg, a journalist, publicist, poet, linguist, wit, and owner of one of the largest libraries of Russian cooking in the West.

Born of White Russian parents in Manchuria, Shihwarg grew up on the delicacies of his family's superb Chinese cook. The subsequent deprivation of the Japanese occupation caused what he proudly calls a food fixation. He talks fondly of a Russian restaurant in prewar Shanghai that offered 120 *zakuski* daily, every other bite properly followed by a tumbler of iced vodka. Zakuski are a Russian invention that other people copied under the name of hors d'oeuvres.

A Russian stowaway-defector who arrived in a crate, Nikita's first chef in 1973 brought no more culinary refinement than one expects from the Soviet Union. Since French chefs were the status symbol *par excellence* of prerevolutionary Russian society, no apologies are offered for importing the present one from an award-winning Lille restaurant. "If it was good enough for the Tsar ...," Shihwarg quips.

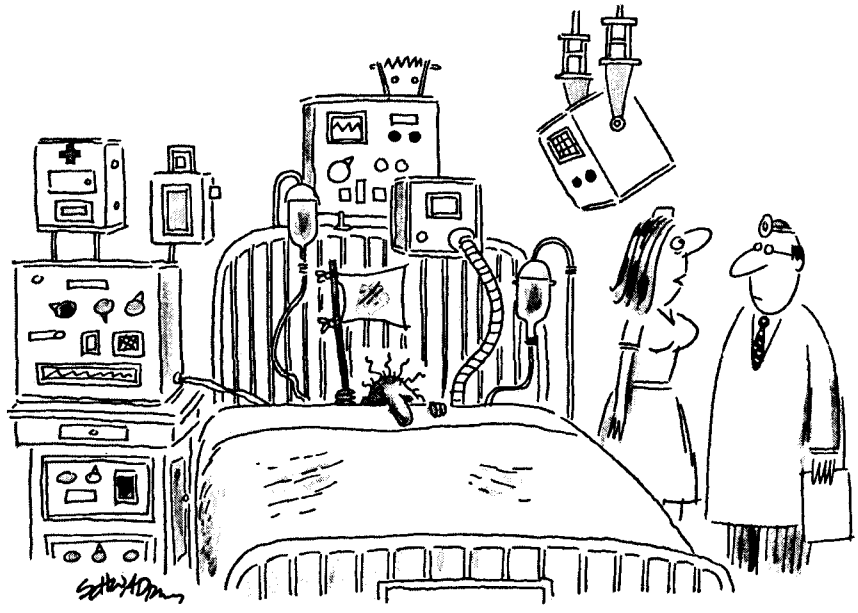
The chef's shish kebab, Chicken Kiev, and salmon kulebiaka (a succulent mince of the fish baked in pastry) are indeed superior; and if not quite authentic, his borscht (soup supposedly as hearty as the Russian *muzhik*), blini (pancakes waiting for tangy fish or soured cream), and pirozhki (pastries with savory fillings) are in their own ways better than anything of the kind in London. But it hardly surprises that the main courses take second place to the zakuski selection and 14 superb varieties of vodka served from blocks of ice frozen around their carafes.

No other eating style I know so relaxes and buoys as a groaning serve-yourself zakuski board, the centerpiece of legendary—but not mythical—Russian hospitality. This leads us to the feature attraction. A Russian dinner is more an evening's entertainment than a mere meal, and no matter how good its food, a Russian restaurant must have more.

In those of *ancien régime* literature and life, gutteral voices sang melancholy ballads (the same that Shihwarg has tracked down for Nikita's background music) while gypsy dancers flung themselves through the hot abandon of the room. Gelid vodkas downed at a gulp primed the patrons to smash their glasses to the floor and join the dancing, or to expose their brooding souls. Together with the "white magic" of vodka, an aura of laissez-faire hedonism dissolved inhibition. Nikita's vodka is equal to the task, and its homey-but-intriguing atmosphere heightens emotions while putting the customers "magically" at ease with themselves.

I never understood why so many Englishmen, with their feelings tightly (if not always stiffly) in place, like to think of themselves as akin to Russians—as when they claim a unique empathy with Chekhov. Certainly the English and Russian genera are opposites in the way that one *dines* with manicured hands adroitly manipulating cutlery and the other *splurges*, with appetites and sentiments gushing out like juices coursing an unconcerned chin. Nikita's transports the one into the world of the other. Although I missed the nude party in the private dining room, I've seen waistcoated city types singing and bussing their mistresses at corner tables. Actual lust warms the eyes of these custard-cool public-school products, and the catacomb is warmed by the happy certainty, so rare in southern England, that they and their beloveds are going to go from the feast directly to bed. If the tables were large enough, I think a few couples would mount them to try their *gopak*.

—George Feifer



"The artificial life support systems are intact, but I'd say Mr. Phipps could use a talking to."

Mr. Feifer is an American living in London who is currently at work on a book on the Soviet court system.

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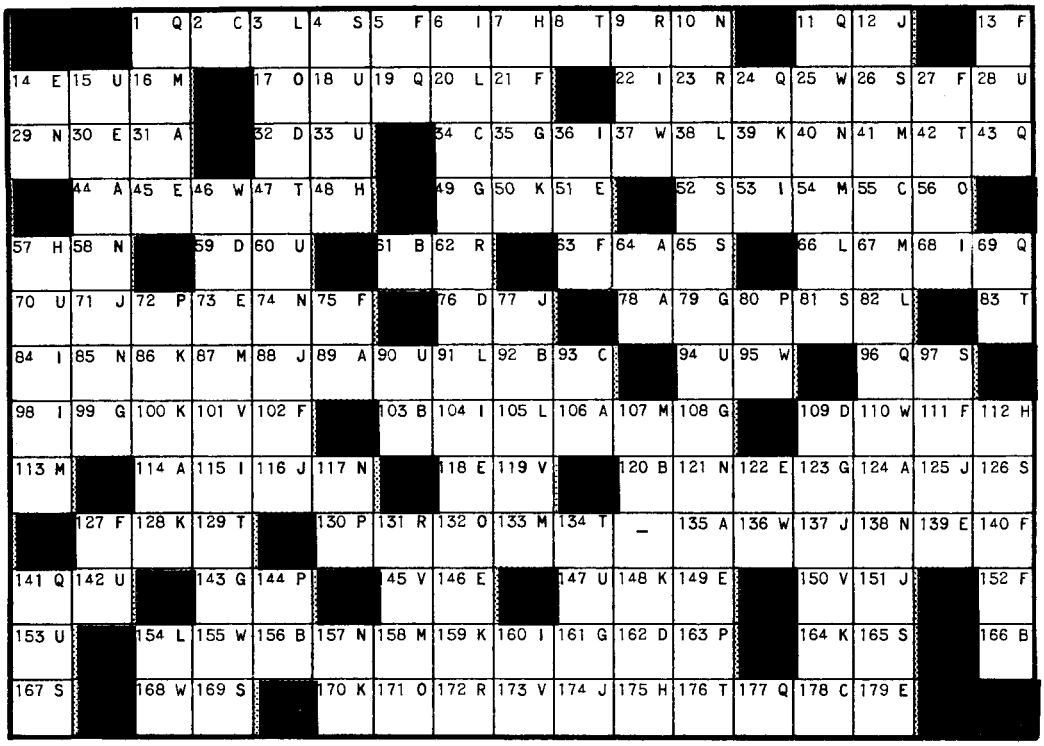
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 174

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 173 appears on page 5.



CLUES	WORDS
A. Tulip or linden tree, e.g.	44 64 78 89 106 114 124 135 31
B. Affront	61 92 103 120 156 166
C. Overmastering desires	178 2 34 55 93
D. Timber wolves of the western United States	162 32 59 76 109
E. Succeeding, following (4 wds.)	118 139 149 14 30 51 73 146 179 45 122
F. Borough of Cardiganshire, Wales, on Cardigan Bay	127 152 5 27 75 111 140 13 21 63 102
G. Near death	79 99 123 143 161 35 49 108
H. Not abundant; meager	112 175 7 48 57
I. Trout of Canada and Alaska (2 wds.)	53 84 22 98 115 36 68 104 160 6
J. Assigned duties or activities; ceremonious gatherings or occasions	77 71 125 88 116 137 151 174 12
K. Hurtful, damaging, destructive	170 128 86 100 159 164 50 148 39
L. Six-shooter, for instance	20 38 66 91 3 154 82 105
M. Witches' brew ingredient (3 wds., *Macbeth*)	133 113 158 67 41 54 87 107 16
N. Cornered; with one's back to the wall; in a bad way (3 wds.)	85 157 29 117 138 74 58 121 10 40
O. "For evil ___ rides post" (Milton, "Samson Agonistes")	171 17 132 56
P. Slip of the tongue, pen, or memory	72 80 130 144 163
Q. Town of Picardy, on the Somme	69 96 177 19 1 11 43 24 141
R. Romance	62 131 172 23 9
S. Agents (comp.)	81 167 26 169 126 52 65 97 4 165
T. Censure sharply	42 83 8 134 47 176 129
U. Shortened	28 70 147 33 60 18 90 15 94 153 142
V. Caught on (2 wds.)	101 145 119 173 150
W. Ancient name of York	25 168 95 136 110 37 155 46

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Shame On Us

FEW OTHER experiences are more galling than being shamed by the misconduct of a fellow tribesman. One classmate steals and the entire class endures inquisitive scowls. A brother drinks and the family is dubbed drunken. "Judge me by my own actions," one longs to shout, "not by those of people with whom I am associated!" But shouting would be of no avail. Part of who we are is the groups we are a part of. No one is free of such connections; even hermits belong—to the tribe of hermits.

To this member of the tribe of journalists, the current debate and litigation concerning the right of a magazine called *The Progressive* to publish an article detailing the components of a hydrogen bomb are mortifying. Whether it is appropriate for the United States government to block publication is a complex issue. But whether it is appropriate for *The Progressive* to publish the article is not a troublesome decision for any person with sense. Publishing the piece would be a crime against humanity. The more accessible these "secrets," the greater the likelihood that some hoodlum will make use of them. To argue that this likelihood may not be great is akin to claiming that one need not keep noxious drugs out of a child's reach because the child is not likely to swallow them. To seek to publish such an article, *The Progressive*'s editor must be a fool or a publicity hound, or both—in any event, a discredit to his tribe. Yet we are stuck with him, and with the complex issues that his case, *The United States* v. *The Progressive*, raises.

The facts, more specifically, are these. A freelance writer named Howard Morland managed to assemble information, from purportedly unclassified sources, on how an H-bomb works. According to *The Progressive*'s editor, Erwin Knoll, the rationale for publishing this information was to prove that the government was being unnecessarily secretive about nuclear arms, withholding "information to which [the American people] were entitled, and information that people needed to have as citizens in order to take part in the process of decision-making on urgent matters of national policy." Apparently to head off criminal prosecution for publishing the article, Knoll sent the article to the Department of Energy and asked for permission to publish it. The Department of Energy, in turn, went to the Justice Department, which obtained a temporary restraining order. The government now seeks to make that order a permanent one in the interests of national security. If it succeeds, this case will become the first instance of permanent *prior restraint* from publication of lawfully available information.

If the judgment were to be confined to this case, a decision might be easier. In American law, however, cases live on past their judgment day. Decisions become precedents that may serve as the basis for future indictments. The sensible solution to this case—preventing *The Progressive* from publishing the article—could have unhappy consequences in the future. It is not difficult to imagine, say, a threatened President hiding his wrongdoings behind a prior-restraint precedent.

Believers in the First Amendment are thus somewhat reluctantly springing to *The Progressive*'s defense. At a symposium on the subject sponsored by the Alicia Patterson Foundation, *Washington Post* editor Ben Bradlee said he was "cornered into supporting *[The Progressive]*—reluctantly—I do it with about as much enthusiasm as I support Larry Flynt and *Hustler*."

I find myself stubbornly of two minds on the subject. On the one hand, like any editor or, for that matter, any human being, I want to enlarge my freedoms, lengthen my leash. On the other hand, I feel that irresponsibility exacts its due reward. And if that due reward means that I too must endure privation, my irritation will goad me into exerting pressure on my fellow tribesmen to behave more responsibly in the future.

In the United States, the press is an astonishingly privileged institution. There is no subject, no individual, that we are prevented from writing about. We can print almost any sort of opinion, picture, lampoon, with impunity. We are not even punished for publishing damaging errors about individuals, as long as we have not done so maliciously. No other civilization in the history of mankind has allowed its chroniclers so much latitude for so long.

Privilege, though, carries responsibility; from those to whom much has been given, much is required. It is incumbent upon the press to act not in its own best interests, but in society's best interests. The source of our privilege is, finally, not the government or the courts or the Constitution; it is the People, who believe enough in the value of an untrammeled press to defend it. Those who abuse the privileges bestowed by the People may, in the end, lose the People's protection.

Whatever the rationale, publishing a story about how to make an H-bomb is not in society's best interest. Give us a few more Erwin Knolls and that whole elaborate, delicate house of cards—our freedom of the press—just may come tumbling down.

—Carll Tucker

"Now that's the perfect bunt!"

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